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The Reticence of Lord Ryder

The two weeks of clamour from the newspapers, urging Lord Ryder to make his position clear on profiteering, have essentially missed the point. Lord Ryder holds his highly salaried and enormously powerful post precisely because he is supposed to be able to judge the right distance between public interest and private enrichment. Whatever he may say now, it is impossible to repose that kind of trust in him again. Weeks of stubborn silence – during which he has had the nerve to insulate himself from press attention by using the resources of a public body and its servants – have disqualified him in advance of any investigation. Interesting though it would be to hear his opinion on why a pension fund preferred to hold shares through an intermediary, and absorbing though it would be to know why two 'refreshing' commissions were thought necessary for the now departed agent, Lord Ryder should cope with these questions as a private citizen. Having evaded them before, whatever he says now will be too late.

For a largely working-class town like Crawley to be at the mercy of such transactions while engaged in the simple business of acquiring development land makes a mockery of the Community Land Act and of the spirit which animated it. For 20 per cent of the already exorbitant profit to stick to the fingers of the middlemen is a throwback to the worst excesses of the Heath era – a time when some of the press were rather less assiduous in pointing the moral. Perhaps more than any other single thing, the Tory exaltation of those who made money over those who earned it led to their electoral downfall. In recruiting new talent, Labour should have no truck with that section of society. And having listened to the excuses made by the other participants in the deal – excuses redolent of alternate naïveté and greed ('It's known as profit . . . that's quite usual') – one can understand Lord Ryder's reluctance to join in such special pleading. Understand, but not excuse.

It is not entirely hindsight which motivates this conclusion. There has been concern for some time at the Prime Minister's habit of appointing allegedly thrusting businessmen to important strategic points in Labour's new institutions. Nothing could be more typically Wilsonian than giving with one hand and taking away with the other – in this case setting up a National Enterprise Board and then delivering it into the hands of a capitalist high priest. The nemesis is Wilsonian too: a deal which adds nothing to the wealth of the community and has all the notorious enterprise of capitalism but none of its dynamic and prosperous results. Even the Italians try to keep the private trough and the public purse reasonably separate, and their public works prosper by contrast with their private shake-downs. Equally, few other countries allow the Prime Minister simply to appoint men to posts of such importance without public vetting and questioning beforehand. Mr Wilson's love of personal patronage is not usually taken as a sign of virtue in the recipient and this episode will certainly not enhance his reputation as a good judge of leadership.

There has been a slightly sanctimonious tone to some of the newspaper coverage of the affair – though a noticeable exception should be made for the unambiguous stand of the IPC's own *Sunday Mirror*. The *Daily Mail* has said things about capital which can only hope it takes to heart in the future. And *The Times* has made the peculiar point that 'the price of £7m was not an exceptionally high price to have been paid for 270 acres of building land in the Home Counties in 1973'. The argument seems to be that under the system then obtaining the price demanded could have been more inflated still – and that Crawley should be grateful for not having been fleeced further.

Those, however, who fish in the waters of speculation can hardly expect the support or sympathy of the community, and they should cease looking so pained and sulky when they are asked pointed questions. True, it was Juvenal who held that '*Pecunia non olet*' – money has no smell. That is what the lords of money would like us to think. Experience has taught, however, that it is a smell which socialism must eliminate.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

A Thousand Years in Hell

What is the purpose of parliamentary debates? Why do Members get up and speak, at such length and to so little apparent purpose? 'In our time,' wrote Macaulay – our time being 1834 –

> the audience of a Member of Parliament is the nation. The three or four hundred persons who may be present while a speech is delivered may be pleased or disgusted by the voice and action of an orator; but, in the reports which are read the next day by hundreds of thousands, the difference between the noblest and meanest figures, between the richest and shrillest tones, between the most graceful and the most uncouth gesture, altogether vanishes.

Is it all for the sake of *Hansard* then, or for the Member's local paper, or for the restricted space offered by the national press? Certainly these abysmal occasions can look better on paper than in the flesh. On Friday I watched from the press gallery as a lone Tory, Mr Michael Hamilton, discoursed on the Meaning of Freedom. His eyes were shut, but he gestured and held forth as if he imagined a great audience before him. Alas there were only two Members sitting opposite. The speech might as well have been delivered in front of the bedroom mirror. From what I have seen so far, Macaulay's 'three or four hundred persons' appear to have dwindled to an average of 20 to 30.

And what makes a good debater? We are told by the same author that the skill can be acquired only by the most assiduous practice. 'During five whole sessions,' Fox used to say, 'I spoke every night but one; and I regret only that I did not speak on that night too.' To which Macaulay adds: 'It would be difficult to name any eminent debater who has not made himself a master of his art at the expense of his audience.' On this criterion the only Member in the bidding for the mantle of Fox is Mr John Stonehouse, who speaks, every Question Time, on whatever subject comes into his head.

He is rudely received. Last week when he put a question on Ireland, it was suggested by Mr Gerald Fitt that Mr Stonehouse should be furnished with literature on the subject, since from what Mr Fitt gathered Mr Stonehouse would shortly have a lot of leisure time for reading. This week, when the subject was pay beds, Mr Dennis Skinner suggested that Mr Stonehouse would shortly have a pay bed of his own. If Mr Stonehouse is not the most effective orator, he nevertheless gets some marks for trying. More marks than Mr Brian Walden, supposedly the best speaker on the Labour benches. I wish Mr Walden would occasionally grace those benches, and show us some of his famous skills.

During the past two weeks Mr Michael Foot, another of Labour's orators, has been pushing his amendments to the Trade Union and Labour Relations Act (1974) through the Commons. The new Bill got its third reading on Tuesday night, to the obvious relief of both sides of the House. Mr Foot spent the last part of the debate reading a copy of Marlowe's plays. He had been compared to Dr Faustus, and was looking for a good quote. Finally he chose the line 'Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years', and pleaded that he had spent a thousand years on the present Bill. It certainly had seemed a very long time, although there were moments when the Bill (which roughly restores the *status quo ante* the Tory Industrial Relations Act) aroused passions and touched on principles essential to the socialist movement.

There was, for instance, the definition of a trade dispute. As the Act stands, none of the usual immunities are given to workers who strike in connection with some cause outside Great Britain, unless it can be established that those workers are directly involved in the issue. For instance, a strike on behalf of Ford workers in Germany by Ford workers in Britain is protected. A strike on behalf of, say, grape pickers in California is not. Labour was seeking to establish that 'there is a trade dispute for the purposes of this Act even though it relates to matters outside Great Britain'.

To Mr Leon Brittan, such an extension of immunity was anathema: at a time of mounting unemployment, Labour was encouraging industrial action which was likely to put more workers out of work. He had been challenged by Mr Eddie Loyden on his attitude to the Lancashire cotton workers in the 19th century, who had gone on strike for the abolition of slavery. Mr Brittan was not impressed: that was the 19th century, a dubious example. Here Mr John Mendelson rose and pointed out that present conditions of work in South Africa amounted to slavery. Mr Mendelson had stayed with the British ambassador in Pretoria, who had told him of his disgust, as a Christian, at having to employ in his home a cook who was not allowed to have her husband stay with her for even 24 hours under the same roof. The husband, who was lawfully wedded to the cook, had to live 12 miles away.

At moments like this, you can always rely on some frightful old turkey like Mr Michael Brotherton (Louth) to make a point of order: 'On a point of order, Mr Speaker. Is the hon. Gentleman's weekend with the British ambassador in South Africa in order in this debate?' Yes it was in order. Indeed it was of the essence. The Tories were riled at talk of South Africa and Chile, and tried to counterpose the example of Russia. 'The only situation in which I suspect that this provision will not apply,' said Mr Brittan, 'will be in relation to a trade dispute in the Soviet Union, because such a dispute would not be allowed to take place.'

Mr Mendelson rose to the bait, saying that Conservative Members were in no position to give lessons to Labour on the conditions of work in Russia. Those who were shouting 'What about Russia?' knew nothing about Russia. Labour wanted the British people to have the right to strike in favour of foreign workers from whatever country – including Russia. For his pains, Mr Mendelson was described by Mr John Page as an honest man, honest because 'his is the authentic voice of Marxism. We can hear from him the true, unencumbered voice of those who do not believe in a mixed economy and who simply wish to have an ordinary Eastern European socialist state in this country'.

If it seems from these examples that the House was rather thrashing around on the first day of the debate, matters were brought into a sharper focus on Tuesday when Mr John Prescott gave his speech about ships flying flags of convenience. He had some terrible figures about safety conditions on such vessels – Liberia loses ships at three times the rate of OECD countries, Panama at six times and Cyprus at eight times the rate. The International Transport Federation had been able to force better safety conditions on employers, and to improve pay rates from present levels of between £20 and £80 to £200 a month. The Federation had been able to force shipowners to pay £1½m. in back pay to seamen this year.

But 'force' was the word. It was only possible to help the exploited seamen by saying to the dock-gate men: 'Do not allow this ship to leave port.' In so doing, the Federation men are breaking the present law, probably in more ways than one. Mr Prescott wanted the law changed, although he said that *even* if it was not changed, 'we shall continue to act in this way because we think we are morally justified in improving the conditions of those workers who are not able to help themselves'. It is good to be able to report that some socialist legislation has passed through the Commons, even if the measures simply restore legality to present practices. Mr Foot, in winding up, said he hoped that the Lords would never dare to send the Bill back again. Quite right.

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David Martin

The Angolan Connection

To A. J. McIlroy goes the 1976 Margaret Thatcher Cold War Warrior award for vigilance. Reporting in the *Sunday Telegraph* after a visit to the vicinity of Angola's northern battlefront, he told us: 'The MPLA commander for the region, with a cigar in his mouth – the cigar with a Cuban label . . .'

Clearly there is a conspiracy afoot. The only question is: by whom? South Africa's Prime Minister, Mr John Vorster, in a New Year message to the faithful, spoke of saving Angola from 'the yoke of atheist communist enslavement'. The American Secretary of State, Dr Henry Kissinger, the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency continuously tell us that every Western act in Angola has simply been a response to the Soviet and Cuban build-up. But is that true? Or is it more a case, as Mr William Colby, former head of the CIA, last year warned a Senate committee – when opposing the development of the Indian Ocean island of Diego Garcia as a United States base – of a Western military build-up provoking a Soviet response?

To apply the Colby theory to the Angolan crisis one has to go back to January 1974 when South Africa's Minister of Information, Dr Connie Mulder, tipped by many as heir-apparent to Vorster, made a two-week 'private' visit to the United States. It was arranged by a Washington firm of lawyers, Collier, Shannon, Rill and Edwards, who specialise in political lobbying. Among the prominent people Dr Mulder met were Gerald Ford, then Vice-President, Vice-Admiral Ray Peet, Deputy Assistant Secretary in the office of the Assistant Secretary of Defence for International Security, and a number of leading political figures.

In February – and it is important to note this was three months *before* the Portuguese coup d'état – Vorster tried to launch his Southern African détente exercise with Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda. It appears that General van der Bergh, head of the Bureau of State Security (BOSS), had not only become convinced that the Portuguese could not win their African colonial wars, but feared a domestic upheaval culminating in capitulation and the loss (for Pretoria) of the buffer states of Angola and Mozambique. President Kaunda, who had his fingers badly burnt two years earlier when Vorster released secret letters, did not respond to the move.

In May, immediately after the Portuguese coup d'état, Collier, Shannon, Rill and Edwards, arranged a second 'private' visit; this time for Admiral Hugo Biermann, commander-in-chief of the South African Defence Forces, who had publicly advocated a South African-US military alliance. Admiral Biermann saw the acting Secretary of the Navy, William Middendorf. Sources say that Admiral Biermann's discussions with Mr Middendorf were under the umbrella of SACLANT (Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic) and that the South African argued that the Portuguese coup d'état meant the southern prop of Nato had fallen and that only South Africa could replace it. There are many sympathetic to that viewpoint in the Pentagon and it is believed that the Biermann visit culminated in an agreement to supply South Africa with Nato radar equipment and codes. There are, however, indications that it may have gone much further and included standardisation of some South African military equipment with Nato countries. A recent secret report, which gives details of military equipment being used by South African units in Angola, reveals that much of the equipment is not listed as being possessed by South Africa and much of it is Nato standard equipment.

With single parties enjoying widespread popular support and so obviously winning the wars in Both Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique, there was little the Americans and

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South Africans could do to arrest events there. But Angola, with three liberation movements and the Portuguese militarily in the ascendancy, was a different matter. While much has been made of Angola's wealth, the real concern is its geo-political location. In the south there is a border several hundred miles long with Namibia; and the MPLA in power in Angola would certainly support guerrilla war by the South West African People's Organisation (Swapo). And to the north there is a lengthy border with Zaïre, whose leader, General Mobutu, continuously obstructed the MPLA during the 14-year war against Portugal.

After the young officers in Lisbon had had their head in the Guinea Bissau and Mozambique decolonisation talks, General Spínola, prodded by Washington, announced in the middle of 1974 that he would personally handle the Angolan negotiations. His first move was a meeting on the island of Sal with General Mobutu in September. Dr Agostinho Neto's MPLA was excluded, but Unita, the FNLA and Daniel Chipenda's breakaway faction of the MPLA, were represented in spirit, if not in person. The Spínola-Mobutu plan was to set up a 12-member provisional government, drawing representatives from the FNLA, Unita and Chipenda group and excluding the MPLA. General Mobutu flew to the Tanzanian capital, Dar es Salaam, to sell the plan to President Julius Nyerere and President Kaunda, and they in turn sent for Dr Neto to defend his position. But before he could arrive General Spínola fell in the 28 September 'silent majority' crisis and with him the grand design for Angola.

Mobutu and the Americans then turned elsewhere. From November, thousands of FNLA troops began to pour into North West Angola from their four main bases in Zaïre. By May, according to Portuguese military intelligence, there were 10,000 FNLA troops in Angola, including 4,000 in the capital, Luanda. At this juncture the MPLA had little more than 5,000 trained soldiers and was in danger of being engulfed. While American diplomats in Luanda were faithfully reporting to Dr Kissinger the scale of FNLA atrocities in the north, the CIA was siphoning millions of dollars to the FNLA through Mobuto.

So it is clear that before the first Soviet arms shipments arrived in Angola for the MPLA in April 1975 the United States had already become more closely associated with South Africa, had initially tried to exclude the MPLA from an Angolan transitional government and, when this failed, had armed and financed the FNLA attempt to take over the MPLA areas. It is also worth recording that the *Washington Post* has now revealed that CIA covert funds to Unita began in March, two months before the first Soviet arms shipment.

It was the Americans and not the Soviet Union who were responsible for escalating the Angolan war from a colonial conflict to the brink of an Indochina in Southern Africa. And, despite all the hysteria about the Cuban troops fighting with the MPLA, it should be remembered that they did not become involved in the fighting until early November 1975, when the mercenary column and South African troops, who had crossed into Angola from Namibia on 23 October, were just south of Benguela; already 500 miles inside the country. South Africa clearly went into Angola with encouragement from Washington and at almost every stage of the past 20 months it is possible (once more borrowing the Colby theory) to trace American provocation preceding Soviet response.

There remains one vital question which must be answered. For 14 years the Soviet Union, her Eastern European allies, Cuba and those loosely bracketed in the 'progressive' bloc, had supported Angola's war against colonialism. In that same period the United States, primarily through the CIA, South Africa, the Portuguese ultra-Right and General Mobutu, had opposed independence. Thus the question is: are the latter group now trying to ensure genuine independence for Angola, or persisting in their policy of the past decade and a half and trying to subvert it?

Jeremy Bugler

The Concorde Scandal

People may be found eating caviar and breast of duckling, washed down with Dom Perignon '69 and Napoleon brandy, at a hundred places around the country every lunchtime. They may not make a pretty sight, but at least their partaking is not invariably paid out of public funds; and they eat in private restaurants, not in a flying machine that uses a ton of fuel for every three minutes' flight over deserts in which fellaheen search for cow dung for their cooking fires.

Concorde, of course, always has been an aircraft for the unequal society, and its inaugural flight last week was, among other things, a celebration of privilege. Not for nothing was Mrs Thatcher there at Heathrow, saying: 'Wonderful, I think it's wonderful!' Concorde was actually *designed* to be transport for the few, paid for by the many.

The question is: why did Labour ministers, at a time of cuts in living standards and the social services, get involved far beyond the call of duty?

The Government's motives obviously include vote-grubbing (big factor) and trying to make an impression on the Americans, to prevent the humiliation of being banned from the US. Tomorrow, or perhaps next week, the US Transportation Secretary, William Coleman Jnr, will say whether Concorde can be allowed in. The odds are that it will be permitted six months' trial at Dulles airport, Washington, where few transatlantic passengers want to go. Concorde has no chance of getting into New York before the summer of 1977, and the most probable time is never. There's not the *remotest* chance of ever selling enough Concordes to break even.

What has brought us to this pass are the worst features of British government – civil servants' secrecy and executive arrogance. For 14 years, civil servants, the makers and sometimes the ministers have conspired successfully, and are still conspiring, to conceal unpleasant facts about Concorde. Andrew Wilson's *The Concorde Fiasco* shows the stronghold of secrecy has been the Department of Trade and Industry, and the various names by which it has been known before and since.

In 1965, Labour tried to kill the project, and one senior civil servant in the Ministry of Aviation later calmly recalled: 'We were never really worried . . . we knew the French had the power of veto. We simply went on with the job.' Such people must have been aware of the hogwash the makers were serving up to the Government about prospective sales – that some 300 to 400 Concordes would be sold, *even* in competition with the American SST. (1976: nine sold.) As the years passed and the enormity of the economic bungle again threatened to stop the project the civil servants then suppressed the details so that at the crucial time Parliament and public were in the dark. The height of secrecy was reached in 1973 when the House of Commons Public Accounts Committee had its reports censored in this manner:

> Martin Madden MP (asking about development costs): 'All told, you could say it was around £+++ millions?
>
> Mr P. E. Thornton, a senior DTI civil servant: 'It depends on how many you sell.'
>
> Madden: 'Naturally, but I am assuming +++ aircraft.'
>
> Thornton: 'It will be some way above that, +++.'
>
> Madden: 'Yes. That would give us +++ totalling +++, and the +++ would give us rather more?'
>
> Thornton: '£+++ million.'

Such censoring kept secret the research and development levies to be made on each sale, and the exact amount of loss to be expected on production. Not until a year later, and too late, did Tony Benn, to the anger of many civil servants, tell Parliament that, leaving aside the £1,200m. lost-for-ever development costs, we should lose £200m. to £255m. if 16 Concordes were built; £260-£300m. on 35 Concordes, and on 100, £120-£250m. Now only 16 planes are being built at the moment; does the Government's new enthusiasm for Concorde mean that it wants to lose more public money on the project? As it is, British Airways are going to lose £25-£40m. a year in operating Concorde, a travelling subsidy for businessmen again borne by the public.

The British Airways subsidy was another commitment which was kept from the public at the crucial time. The civil servants basic strategy of concealment also worked overtime on the matter of Concorde's noise. Seven ministers in charge of the project have over the years said that Concorde's noise would be 'comparable' to and even

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less than Boeing 707 or DC-8s. Gerald Kaufman, Minister of State for Industry, was still saying this in Washington, which demanded a certain amount of nerve since the Federal Aviation Authority there had last year proved that Concorde is considerably noiser than the 707s, and in terms of its 'footprint' – the noise pattern it leaves on the ground – is many times worse than all aircraft, especially the jumbo jets.

We had to go to the Americans to find out what Concorde would do to the people living around Heathrow – and by around I mean up to 15 miles from the airport—almost to Reading in one direction and Epsom in the other. Why didn't the Department of Trade tell us all about the footprint? 'We did not think it fit,' said a spokesman earlier this month.

I have felt myself the basic scorn that the Trade civil servants have for the public's right to know, as until recently I used to be a member of an obscure Government body called the Noise Advisory Council, nonetheless the only body of citizens that officially exists to advise ministers about noise problems. Every so often we'd ask about Concorde, and get fobbed off.

Last year, though, our patience broke. At one meeting, members all round the table got angry, one eminent professor saying we'd been conned about Concorde, and that the makers had simply failed to get the machine right. Department of Trade officials, faces masked in the knowledge that we were powerless, only became concerned when we passed a resolution saying that Concorde should not be allowed to operate at any airport where it consistently breaks the noise limits, and at a later meeting, that at Heathrow it should be given a three-month trial, the position to be reviewed later. We got assurances our advice would be carefully considered.

Mr Peter Shore's consideration was given just before the inaugural flight, a written answer to the Commons saying bluntly: 'I have decided that Concorde will be exempted from the Heathrow noise limits.'

Concorde, with its pterodactyl resemblance, is an essentially obsolete machine in one other way. It is a form of travel that makes sense only if the energy crisis never happened. And this is why Americans trying to keep Concorde out of their country are acting consistently. Why should they be asked to conserve energy, including driving at not more than 55 mph on their highways, if their government allows Concorde to quaff a vast gallonage of aviation spirit at US airports? Come to that, why should our government expect us to take a blind bit of notice of their 'Save It' campaign now?

In the end, the way Labour ministers have hurled themselves into promoting Concorde (Eric Varley: 'It'll take me less time to get to Bahrain than to my constituency in Chesterfield!') is really only explicable in one way. They have a nostalgia for the world before it changed permanently in the autumn of 1973; they do not want to accept that with resources now precious the time for technological playthings has gone. Mr Peter Shore said before his flight: 'Concorde is all about speed. Anyone who criticises Concorde is missing the point.' Essentially, that's the view of an adolescent. Speed, in 1976, is not absolute virtue.

Hugh Caradon*

A Daniel Come to Judgment

When we make inquiries about British foreign policy – on the Middle East or Cyprus, for instance – we are usually told in effect 'We are waiting for Dr Kissinger'. So American foreign policy is of outstanding importance to us, and we had better study it with great care – and anxiety. Particularly must we watch it now that Ambassador Daniel Moynihan has taken such a conspicuous part in the latest session of the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York. He calls the United Nations 'a theatre of the absurd' – and like the experienced actor he is he likes to push his way to the centre of the stage.

Certainly there is plenty in United Nations diplomacy to complain about. In their frustration and near-despair the new nations sometimes make very serious procedural errors – in resolutions which are at times misguided, negative, self-destructing. A most recent example was the resolution on Zionism which poisoned the debates and made a settlement in the Middle East not easier but even more difficult. It is well that such methods should be denounced.

But what is intolerable in the Moynihan condemnations is his self-righteousness. Criticism of the United States is 'lies, lies'. Resolutions opposed by the United States alone are described as deserving 'the contempt of the world'. But if Ambassador Moynihan is to insult others in such sweeping accusations must we not also examine the record of the foreign policy of the United States itself? Is it right that only the new nations should be subject to wholesale denigration? Ambassador Moynihan, as well as discussing the mote in other eyes, should not neglect the beam in his own. Perhaps we could go further and seek to convince him that the best way to persuade the Third World to mend its ways would be for the West to mend its own.

Is it not true that, when there has been an intolerable situation anywhere in the world, the United States has time and again rushed to support and maintain it – in Cuba, in Chile, in Greece, in Taiwan, in Rhodesia, in Vietnam? Is it not true that, having at first been the leader in support of United Nations activities, the United States in recent years has persistently cut down its contribution to international enterprises and now stands at the bottom of the Western league in terms of the percentage of its own gross national product devoted to international aid? Is it not also true that the United States (like the Soviet Union) still fails to make the voluntary contribution to United Nations funds which it was agreed a long time ago by everyone including the United States should be made by all member states to meet the Congo costs? Ambassador Moynihan speaks about the principle of universality, but are we not to remember that the greatest opponent of universality of the United Nations was the United States when it insisted for over two decades that the Republic of China (with a quarter of the population of the world) should be excluded?

It was an American commentator writing some time ago in the American publication *Foreign Affairs* who said:

> We are on the wrong side of virtually every political issue *vis à vis* most of the Third World (which is most of the UN); on the Middle East, Indochina, on South Africa, on Portugal (before the coup), on Chile (since the coup). We are the chief upholders of international capitalism and as such the chief symbol of Western exploitation and Third World dependence.

Perhaps the Moynihan fulminations will in future not be solely directed against all the rest of us. A little benign introspection might be in order.

Of course we must all hope that the United States will continue to give a positive lead in the plans for the New Economic Order which emerged at the special session of the UN General Assembly this summer – in which, to do him justice, Ambassador Moynihan took a prominent part when he read the very important speech with which Dr Kissinger opened the seventh special session. We hope that the United States will decide once again to take its full share in international development. We hope that the United States will not any longer delay a settlement in the Middle East. We hope that the United States influence will be exerted on the right side in southern Africa (and that the US Government will stop flouting the Security Council's unanimous and mandatory decision on Rhodesia). We even hope that the United States will no longer ignore or perpetuate the tragedy of Cyprus.

There is so much constructive opportunity for Ambassador Moynihan's talents. How would it be if he let up on condemning condemnations by others, and concentrated more on working with them – working by persuasion and example for understanding and agreement and cooperation? We are entitled to say to Dr Moynihan 'Physician, heal thyself'.

But meanwhile let us try to assess how much good Ambassador Moynihan has done and how much harm. I am all for controversy, I sometimes think that the greatest danger is isolationism and the greatest vice is apathy. Remember what Willy Brandt said in the United Nations when first the voice of Germany was heard in the General Assembly: 'There is violence through tolerance, intimidation through idolence, threat through permissiveness, manslaughter through immobility.' Anything is better than idle complacency.

Lord Caradon was British Ambassador to the UN, 1964-70.

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So Daniel Moynihan has stirred things up. No one can accuse him of being dull or cautious or considerate. He has brought the aims and the methods of international diplomacy into strong public controversy in his own country and beyond. That may in the end be salutary.

But great harm has also been done. By his own belligerent accusations against the new nations, and Africans in particular, (lumping them all with Amin), he has brought joy and encouragement to the isolationists and racist extremists in his own country. Moynihanism may take the place of McCarthyism. Not that that would be Moynihan's intention, but that may well be the result. He and McCarthy have both appealed to the same kind of people, the selfish suburbanism of the narrow nationalists.

Ambassador Moynihan says: 'I begin to feel that the increasing contempt in the world for the United Nations is increasingly deserved.' What can be the purpose of saying that except to increase the contempt? And what can that mean? The United Nations is an instrument. It is often misused, and more often neglected. But it is an effective instrument, always available. What has been lacking has been the will to use it. I never tire of saying that there is nothing wrong with the United Nations except the members. As Adlai Stevenson used to say: 'Never mock the weakness of the United Nations, lest we mock ourselves.'

Peter Wilby

Professor Beloff's Buckingham

Britain's newest institution of higher education opens next week, a peculiar, belated footnote to the expansionist optimism of the Sixties. It is the long-awaited Independent University, but you must not call it that because it has not been awarded a Royal Charter. Instead, you must call it the University College of Buckingham, which, since its students will not get degrees, seems almost equally misleading.

It has been launched on £1,500,000 raised from private sources. The largest benefactor is anonymous, but the named contributors include such pillars of the community as Shell, Bass Charrington and Beechams. Nothing unusual in that: all the new universities of the Sixties raised similar sums in their initial appeals. What is different is that, within three years, Buckingham plans to be self-supporting on its students' fees. Naturally, the enterprise already knows its friends and its enemies: Mrs Thatcher will perform the opening ceremony, while ministers at the Department of Education have declined invitations to attend.

The college's spiritual father is Dr J. W. Paulley, an Ipswich physician, who wrote a letter to *The Times* in 1967, suggesting Stanford University, California, as a model for a private university in the UK. Since then, the plan has been through several more or less grandiose incarnations and a few disasters that appeared to destroy its chances of getting beyond the drawing-board, including the resignation of a vice-chancellor-designate within months of his appointment. Five years ago there was talk of establishing six faculties (including mathematical, physical and biological sciences), with three Fellows of the Royal Society and three Fellows of the British Academy as their Deans. That ambition has decayed into a law school with frills – about 45 out of the first intake of 70 students will study law, 10 will take economics and 15 will be in law, economics and politics, the third of the 'schools of study'. A fourth, in history, politics and English literature, is planned.

The students will probably get some intellectual excitement and variety from an impressive 'visiting staff', including several retired professors touching 70 such as L. C. Knights (Eng.lit.) and J. E. Meade (economics). The full-time academic staff of 11, though worthy enough, lacks people in the prime and vigour of their late thirties and forties. A law professor was recruited from Exeter, after 28 years there; the only maths lecturer, a 30-year-old former public school master, from some mysterious project at the Ministry of Defence.

If it weren't for its Principal, who *is* an FBA, one wouldn't give the university college much of a future. But never underestimate a man who comes of Russian emigré stock, still less one who, as a young lecturer at Manchester, dared to quarrel with Lewis Namier. No doubt there are many who thought Max Beloff mad to give up All Souls and Oxford's Gladstone Chair of Government and Public Administration for such an insubstantial experiment but, if I were backing anyone to have a last laugh, I would back Professor Beloff.

In the meantime, we can enjoy a little amusement at his expense: at the sight of one of our leading defenders of academic standards touting round American liberal arts colleges (albeit fairly reputable ones) for students, of a man who once dismissed new universities as 'superfluous' opening yet another university. Perhaps he envisages Buckingham as the 'new version of the monastery or the hermitage' which, he suggested some years ago, would be necessary 'to keep alive the torch of learning until the next Renaissance' while other universities toiled in the new Dark Ages under a priesthood of student participators.

But everyone at Buckingham is playing down the ideological challenge it presents to a state-financed (and controlled?) higher education system. The point, says Professor Beloff, is not the state, but the system. Buckingham, being on its own, can be more flexible and experimental. Outside the centralised system of university admissions, it can try a 40-week, four-term academic year, starting in February. Buckingham students, therefore, will complete their courses in two years, instead of three, with hardly any loss of teaching time.

In several other ways the college is intriguingly original. All students will have to do their maths and learn to read in two foreign languages. Undeterred by the failures at Sussex, Lancaster, Warwick and elsewhere to bridge the two cultures, Buckingham wants all its students to make some acquaintance with science. It will have to be done through biology, because that has the cheapest labs, and it will be taught by a man who pops over from the zoology department at Reading, but at least it's a try. There is a compulsory course on how to use libraries and the possibility of lectures on how to write essays, gut books and take notes.

All these are study skills that are scandalously neglected by many established universities – an official committee once discovered that one in four university students was not aware that libraries had such things as subject and author catalogues. And, in their first term, Buckingham students must undergo 'The Principal's Lectures' on 'the history of higher education' and 'the purposes and methods of university studies'. Given Professor Beloff's maverick views on these matters, they alone ought to be worth a term's tuition fees.

Professor Beloff thinks the college might get a charter – and the right to award degrees – within seven years, if it proves its financial soundness. For the time being, the students will get a 'licence' that has been recognised as equivalent to a degree by the Law Society, the Bar Council and all the six universities that Buckingham has approached. The fees for a two-year course will be around £3,500 ('meritorious students', as the prospectus puts it, will qualify for scholarships) and, since local authority grants are unlikely to be available, the total cost will be well over £5,000.

Why go to Buckingham, therefore, when you can do it free elsewhere? Some students are going because it will be small, intimate and a bit like carrying on at boarding school; others, particularly the large proportion of older students, because it is a quicker way of getting a qualification. But a fair number, I suspect, are attracted by what the college calls its 'flexibility' over A-level requirements. Shrewdly making a virtue of necessity, Buckingham lecturers say that A-level results are pretty meaningless, anyway. So the college's doors are open to oil-rich Nigerians (the largest single category in the overseas intake) and to British students with A-level grades that are not high enough for the hugely oversubscribed university law faculties.

Since no responsible, litigious citizen can doubt that we need more lawyers, Buckingham will, in that sense, perform a useful function. What's more, Professor Hall, the head of law, promises us 'literate and numerate lawyers, familiar with the language of science'. Otherwise, we can presumably get the message that private enterprise is alive and kicking. But the proof seems unnecessarily cumbersome and the outcome distinctly anticlimactic.

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The Oil Rush – 2

Mervyn Jones

Oil Capital and Boom Town

If anything about the oil rush gives the observer a sense of the fitting, it is the designation of Aberdeen as 'Britain's oil capital'. As one walks along Union Street, the main thoroughfare, one has the impression of being in the capital of a small, but not a poor or humble, nation: a capital with style and character, like Dublin or Amsterdam or Oslo. Union Street, a mile long, is one of the finest streets in Europe. With the confidence and boldness typical of Victorian building, it was raised high across a ravine through which the railway line was made to pass. There are squares and crescents that delight the eye with their perfection of scale. The whole city is built of grey granite, which gives a noble air of solidity, and until quite recently building with anything else was forbidden. The richer streets are a worthy habitation for the Aberdonian bourgeoisie, a class more inclined to dignity and a sense of proportion than to ostentation. The working-class districts never had the squalid slums that disfigured Edinburgh and Glasgow. No mean city, indeed. The pseudo-architects of office blocks and high-rise flats are now trying hard to make Aberdeen look just like anywhere else, but they will have their work cut out.

Employment is pretty well balanced between the harbour with its trawlers, fish-processing, a couple of shipyards, a big Michelin factory, and a good many white-collar jobs in administration and a university with several research institutes. Aberdeen, unlike most Scottish towns, has had nothing worse than 3 per cent unemployment since the last war. But the city failed to attract new industrial development – 'we had become accustomed to being a backwater' I was told.

One could pay quite a lengthy visit without being made aware of the oil boom. The managers and technicians in the big companies don't get much involved in Aberdeen life, either because it's the custom in the oil world to create self-contained communities, or simply because they are not staying long enough. For instance, there is an American school for the oil children. For social purposes, they gather at the Petroleum Club, an American-style country club. Apparently there are 5,000 Americans in and around Aberdeen, but from any signs in the streets and shops and pubs one would never believe it.

The oil boom has impelled visiting journalists to look for a scene of lavish spending, heavy drinking and prostitution, and in 1975 *Newsweek* gave Aberdeen the name of 'Sin City'. This was strongly resented, and my own impression is that anyone in search of a northern Beirut or Bangkok is in for a disappointment. Pubs near the harbour are crowded and lively, and some have gone in for a modern style with pop groups or taped music, 'intimate' lighting and drinks like Bacardi and Campari, but the young men in these pubs mostly seem to be accompanied by their girl friends, or their wives for all that I know. Certainly there are prostitutes frequenting the hotels associated with the oil business, and someone who knows the city can name the hotels where a rig-worker, a supervisor or a company executive would find a girl at the price suited to his income and status. It is said that a number of expensive 'escort girls' have moved from Mayfair to Aberdeen – from Arab oil money to North Sea oil money, so to speak. The fact remains that sin in Aberdeen tends to be discreet, and doesn't offend the eye of the respectable citizen as he makes his way along Union Street. You would have to make inquiries to find a strip club, a sex shop or a porn shop, which can't be said of English provincial cities like Manchester or Birmingham.

About the drinking, too, one needs to be cautious. Walking along Regent Quay after the pubs close (ten o'clock in Scotland), you're sure to see men who are very drunk indeed. But Aberdeen was always a hard-drinking town, and you don't know who is off the rigs and who is off a trawler. Perhaps the waiting taxis, whose task is almost that of an ambulance, are the best evidence that there's money round the harbour. By 11 p.m., even on a mild summer night, everything is quiet. Some Aberdonians say that the oil boom has made a difference – 'Our drunks could always get home, but these roughnecks pass out in the street,' an elderly man told me disapprovingly. Others say that it's no worse than it always was.

Holding the title of 'oil capital' has undoubtedly brought money to Aberdeen, but through scores of small channels. I heard it said that there are three ways to make money out of the oil boom – own a big house and go into the bed-and-breakfast business, own a pub, or drive a taxi. The atmosphere I found was one of satisfaction, though not of complacency or even of complete confidence. Things are pretty good, most people would say, at a time when they might be pretty bad. Wages are at the national average, and earnings are probably above it because of overtime – both were below average for most of Aberdeen's history.

Where Aberdeen emphatically scores over the rest of the country is that it has virtual full employment. John McConnachie, district secretary of the AUEW, told me that he didn't know of a single factory that had cut back labour, despite the national situation. An illuminating fact reported in the local paper was that no one could be found for the job of patrol man or woman at a dangerous crossing between a housing estate and a school. The police put up posters appealing for someone to take the job, but without success. Full employment has its drawbacks, however; Aberdeen's housing programme is drastically behind schedule because of a shortage of building labour.

Aberdeen has kept employment high mainly as the chief supply base for the rigs. The harbour has been modernised so that it handles shipping round the clock, instead of only at high tide. The supply boats employ hundreds of seamen, more and more dockers are needed, ship-repair yards are busy. To this one must add a good deal of white-collar employment in the offices of the various companies connected with North Sea oil. By comparison, oil-related industrial employment isn't what was hoped for. In 1973 Baker Tools, an American company, opened a new factory making equipment for the oilfields. It employs 140 men, mostly skilled engineers as the products are highly sophisticated. But other buildings which look like factories turn out to be storage and maintenance depots. Aberdeen would like to have a dozen Baker developments, and no more have arrived.

'You've got to go to Peterhead,' they all say in Aberdeen, 'if you want to see what the impact of the oil boom really means.' In Aberdeen it is happening to a city of 185,000 people, already a regional centre in the style of Bristol or Norwich. In Peterhead it's happening to a town of 14,000, and an exceptionally inward-looking town at that. Nothing much had changed in Peterhead for decades, and those who dominated local life – a staid, conservative group of solid citizens and 'independent' councillors – didn't want any change. 'They had built a wall round the town,' says Ian Hutcheson, who manages the British Legion club, 'and the oil companies broke down the wall. So the place exploded.'

Before the oil rush, anyone who had heard of Peterhead connected it with the maximum security prison, a formidable structure on a windswept hill outside the town, and with fishing. It was never on anyone's tourist itinerary, but it's a handsome town in an austere fashion. Everything is built in red granite – you notice the cottages change from grey to red as you drive the 30 miles from Aberdeen. The main streets are broad and dignified, and the one actually called Broad Street is in fact a square of pleasing proportions. The bay, which had a beach until the oil supply-boats came, makes a noble curve between two headlands. Sunbathing on the beach was rare, however, for Peterhead people admit (or sometimes claim with pride) that this corner of Scotland has the foulest weather in the British Isles. When there isn't a storm, one of them said resignedly,

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there's a fog. In the long winter, it is bitterly cold. It doesn't often snow in the town, but the roads over the Buchan hills are often blocked, which helps to account for Peterhead's insularity.

For decades young men have been leaving Peterhead to find work in Aberdeen or more distant places. Despite the exodus, unemployment was at 7 per cent in the 1950s. There is some industry, but not enough, and fishing has had its ups and downs. When the oil rush began, Peterhead's one asset was the bay, protected by jetties and designated as a Harbour of Refuge way back in 1886. A glance was enough to show that it was an ideal situation for supply bases. Nowadays, the bay is always busy with supply-boats. Not only this, but when the winter storms set in rigs are towed to Peterhead for overhaul or repair.

On the southern shore of the bay, just below the hill on which the prison stands, a base has been set up by the Aberdeen Service Company. The height of the jetty has been increased, and a Dutch reclamation company was called in to make a stretch of level ground. The base was in business by early 1974; the warehouses were ready a year ahead of schedule; and an engineering workshop is to be the next development. The base is used by 80 ships a week in summer and 30 a week in winter. Ian Currall, the manager, was careful to stress to me that all his employees are Peterhead men, and that they are kept on the payroll in winter although the work slackens off. There are 200 jobs.

Work for Locals

Across the bay, on a hitherto deserted peninsula called Keith Inch, another base has been built and now belongs to the British Oxygen Company. BOC employs 170 people – nine-tenths of them are natives of Peterhead, I was told – but other companies using the base provide more jobs at various times. The Keith Inch base is the largest anywhere along the North Sea coast, with long quays and an enormous warehouse. As well as servicing the rigs, it sends out supplies to the pipe-laying barges. It handles 20 ships a day in summer and about four a day in winter, when pipe-laying work is drastically reduced.

More. The pipeline from the Forties oilfield, through which Britain's first major quantities of oil began to flow in November 1975, reaches the coast at Cruden Bay, between Peterhead and Aberdeen. Peterhead was the base for the undersea pipelaying, and Peterhead men found work as welders and labourers on the underground part of the line.

More. A big power station – a £100m. project, among the largest in Scotland – is being built at Boddam, three miles south of Peterhead. The construction work is being done by 1,200 men brought by the contractors and living in a work camp, but when the power station goes into operation in 1978 it will provide many jobs for electricians and others.

More. The power station will run on oil, brought by tankers. (The oil coming through the pipeline is destined for refineries.) It will need 6,500 tons of oil a day, which means a lot of tankers. They will be moored and serviced at a tanker terminal, yet to be built, in Peterhead Bay.

More. Natural gas, from the rich Frigg gasfield in the Norwegian sector of the North Sea, is to be brought through a pipeline coming ashore at St Fergus, two miles north of Peterhead. This pipeline is still under construction. From St Fergus the gas will be distributed to many parts of Scotland, and this involves the building of a big gas terminal.

More. If Aberdeen is the oil capital, Peterhead is at least a secondary centre. Some oil companies have branch offices; some drilling companies, supply-boat companies and pipe construction companies work from Peterhead. This has created a local demand for white-collar workers, something almost unprecedented in Peterhead's history.

Soaring Wages

The result of all these developments is that – as Ian Hutcheson, who doesn't approve of the oil rush, put it – 'the labour market has been upset'. He told me about a young woman who applied for a job as a typist with an American company. Having accepted her, the manager said: 'We'll pay you 12.' The girl said she'd been hoping for 15. 'Okay, 15' the manager agreed. Only after starting work did she discover she was getting £1,500 a year, not £15 a week.

George Baird, a Labour councillor who is a disabled man, told me that six years ago he had been working in a ship's chandler's store for £13 a week. Now, as a storeman at the gas terminal, he earns £75. 'And that's because I'm disabled – most of the men earn £100.' Building workers can earn £100 for a 56-hour week. Workers at the supply bases get a basic £40, which they can be sure of in winter when there's not much to keep them busy, and make £100 or more with overtime in summer. Even the wages for labourers on the roads jumped from £22 to £43 within two years.

There are people in Peterhead who deplore the oil boom, sometimes out of sheer conservatism and nostalgia for the placid little town which they no longer recognise, sometimes because they don't like paying higher wages to a shop assistant or a daily help, but sometimes for other reasons. There is concern about changes in the social atmosphere, of which I shall have more to say. There is anxiety about pollution. And oil is bad news for owners and skippers of fishing boats. The oil boom has coincided with – and has partly caused – a sudden collapse of the fishing industry.

A skipper named Adam Stewart told me that 1975 had been the worst year he could remember. Over the three summer months the men in his crew had been living on an average of £20 a week, although a spell when the boat was under repair was one reason for this depressing figure. Fishing, in fact, is once again a chancy livelihood, as it has been for most of Scotland's history. The catches are poor, and undoubtedly this is nature's revenge for the over-fishing of the North Sea. What's new since 1973 is the high cost of fuel and – because of the new level of wages in Peterhead – the high cost of repairs. Besides, crews are leaving the trawlers to work on the supply-boats, or else to stay on shore and take the jobs now available.

Good steady wages look like a better bargain than the now problematical share of the catch. 'The only ones who'll stay are the men for whom fishing is a way of life,' Stewart said. 'There's not many young ones among them, and there'll be fewer. Most of the boats will soon be up for sale, I expect. Oil has killed fishing, that's the truth of it.' But hasn't oil been good for Peterhead on the whole? 'It's been good for the poor families,' Stewart conceded. Through this phrase, one has an insight into an upheaval in the gradations of Peterhead society. Under the old system the fishing crews were an elite; they didn't always make money but they were the only working-class people who ever did, while men dependent on labouring jobs ashore were 'the poor'. Now it looks like being the other way round.

But a bank manager, in a good position to take an overall view, is in no doubt that the oil boom is 'a massive boost to the economy', Small engineering and haulage firms are thriving, he says, charging whatever they please because their customers are always in a hurry. Individual and family savings show a big increase; Peterhead people tend to save, both because it's traditional and because they are wary that the good times may be brief. Even so, they are buying houses, buying cars, buying consumer durables of every kind.

Shopkeepers' Boom

It's impossible to take a quick walk round Peterhead without being aware of this new prosperity. Shops display expensive cameras, expensive record-players and hi-fi equipment, expensive golf-clubs and fishing-rods. One large window is crammed with records, tapes and cassettes. There are four new male boutiques, one with the significant name of Black Gold, selling frilly shirts, patterned shirts and ties, scarlet and bottle-green and sky-blue jackets, T-shirts decorated with helicopters and other symbols of the oil rush. An old-established men's outfitter, still relying on his tweed suits and caps, says that the new competition doesn't worry him and his turnover has doubled in the last couple of years. Women don't do so well; it seems that their men don't like them to take up the latest fashions, and boutiques for girls in the main streets have failed. However, toward the edge of town I noticed two boutiques called Mod Corner and Shangri-La.

Two old and until recently ailing hotels, the Caledonian and the Royal (all Scottish towns have hotels called the Caledonian and the Royal) have taken on a new lease of life. All rooms are always full. The comfortable lounge bar of the Caledonian is where people who matter in the oil world meet; the bars of the Royal, as crowded as wartime pubs, are for the 'other ranks'. Ron Ferrari, a native of Peterhead despite his name, presides genially over the Caledonian bar. A few years ago he owned nothing but a strategically placed fish-and-chip shop; when you ask the way you're usually told to turn right, or left, at Ferrari's fish shop. He saw the oil rush com-

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ing, and now he owns the Caledonian, the Royal, and – it's said – half the main street. If he isn't a millionaire, everyone in Peterhead thinks he is.

'I'm staggered by what's happened to the old place,' says a man who is back after emigrating to Australia in the bleak Fifties. Yet what has hit the old place isn't so much a transformation – for in many ways Peterhead retains its character – as an unassimilated surprise; you could call Peterhead the town that won the pools. The staid, granite houses an air of bewilderment. Black Gold, the Granada Lounge and Wong's Chinese restaurant have arrived but the British Legion club and the Seamen's Mission Hall remain.

If incongruity is the dominant chord (or discord), it's mainly because the centre of town is more full of strangers than Leicester Square at the height of the tourist season: strangers from other parts of Britain and from all over the world. There's no country club for the oil executives and managers, no American colony with its self-enclosed life. At a working-class level, there's no dockside quarter. The men from a Norwegian tug, or a Greek freighter in port to transfer Japanese steel for the pipeline, converge on the Royal.

In Marischal Street two Texans in their ten-gallon hats stand with hands in their ornamented belts, looking like the sheriff and the owner of Red Creek Ranch in an old movie. At Wong's the foursome at the next table are speaking polished French; by their features, one of the men and one of the stylishly dressed women must be Vietnamese. In the Granada Lounge, I wait to buy a drink behind two very tall and very handsome blacks, their long legs encased in wranglers. They're speaking a language I can't quite identify over the surrounding noise. It could be Portuguese and they could be from Angola, or Guinea-Bissau. Anything is possible in Peterhead.

But the Granada – or the Caledonian, or the Royal – is no place for the teenager still at school, hoping to enter the oil world in a serious way by taking his Higher Cert in economics or geology, and meanwhile outside the magic circle of high earnings and free spending. There are no coffee bars, nowhere to sit and chat over a coke if you're below drinking age, nowhere to get anything to eat in the evening except a full dinner. Dances and other light-hearted social activities are rare. For the native-born young generation, Peterhead is still Dullsville. For that matter, there's nothing for the middle-aged person who in a more lively town would be in the amateur dramatic society, nor for the pensioner.

So it is hard for the visitor to estimate how much Peterhead has changed underneath the surface glitter. But it's unlikely that most people would be willing to go back to the old static society, the accepted hierarchies, the wall round the town. Meanwhile, Peterhead is the most extraordinary town in Britain. It isn't, though one hopes that it may become, a place of settled prosperity. It is what one has read about in history, and didn't expect to see in this improbable setting between the mountains and the cold grey sea – in every sense of the phrase, a boom town.

Next week: Life at the Big Hole

'One of the most frequently voiced complaints by industrialists is that television is superficial . . .
Time does not allow deep analysis or original thought . . .
Little real attempt is made to record the positive contribution of British industry . . .'

– from the C.B.I. evidence to the Annan Committee on the future of broadcasting.

GRANADA TELEVISION

asked over thirty companies to co-operate in making a series of programmes about big business at work: to see how they made decisions that affected investment, employment, output. Permission was sought for cameras to film the decision-makers in action without any staging or rehearsal – showing events as they happened, not as they were later recalled.

To find any who would agree was not easy. Most refused even to discuss the project. Many, having considered the request, turned it down. In the end three agreed:

A nationalised industry – **the British Steel Corporation**

A local government authority – **the London Borough of Hammersmith**

A multi-national oil company – **Occidental Petroleum**

The resulting series of programmes –

DECISION

– shows how decisions involving tens of millions of pounds were made in each of these three organisations. The programme-makers agreed to observe the strictest confidence throughout the many months of filming – and beyond. The completed films were shown to the participants for a check on accuracy, but there was no surrender of editorial control by Granada.

In the first programme (transmitted on Tuesday, 27 January), the B.S.C. was seen deciding whether or not to invest in a new iron-making plant in Scotland.

Tuesday, 3 February at 10.30pm
DECISION: RATES
Hammersmith decides what to cut in order to keep the rates down.

Tuesday, 10 February at 10.30pm
DECISION: OIL
Occidental Petroleum decides whether or not to proceed with a marginal field in the North Sea.

GRANADA TELEVISION

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Naomi Shepherd

Lebanese Omens for Israel

Though the Lebanese civil war has not so far triggered new hostilities between Israel and Syria its outcome is likely to prejudice the chances for a Middle East settlement. For the moment caution is the watchword for both sides. Whatever Syria's ambitions in the Lebanon there has been no sign that President Assad wishes the Lebanese or the Palestinians to dictate the time and place of his next battle with Israel. Nor, despite Israel's fears of a Moslem-dominated Lebanon becoming another active confrontation state, has Mr Rabin shown any desire to play policeman, as his predecessor did with the Beirut raid of 1969 and the show of muscle which halted the entry of Syrian-led Palestinian troops into Jordan in September 1970.

It was quite clear to most Israelis that Mr Rabin could not move without tacit American approval. For this Israel needed an alibi against charges of pure aggression. Two such alibis were theoretically possible. One would have been a distress signal to the Israelis from the beleaguered Christians, and the other a clear threat to Israel's northern border by Syrian troops entering Lebanon.

Israel chose not to interpret Camille Chamoun's plea for outside help as such a signal, and in any case had over-estimated the ability of the Falangist militia to repulse the Moslem forces. The incursion of three or four Palestinian battalions, Syrian trained and led though they are, has not yet constituted a threat to Israel's border settlements – though they might do so if they took up permanent position south of the Litani River and were equipped with heavy artillery and tanks. Finally, Israeli intervention now would have endangered the Sinai agreement with Egypt and exacerbated the already difficult state of Israel-American relations.

Thus the Israeli Government has so far concluded that discretion is the better part of deterrence. Nevertheless, even if the Lebanese cease-fire holds, and the proposed reforms are accepted by both sides in the Lebanese conflict (which is still far from certain) the principle of Syrian intervention in Lebanese affairs has been established. The consequent danger to Israel is that of an Arab front extending, as optimistic Arab strategists have it, 'from Sidon to Aqaba' should the newly united Syrian-Jordan military command prove operative. This does not mean that Israel would necessarily face Syrian troops along the length of the Lebanese frontier, as any serious depletion of Syrian troops on the Golan front would leave the Damascus hinterland sparsely defended. What it does mean, however, is that Palestinian or other Arab units could shell or bombard with missiles not only the line of (post-1948) Israeli settlements along the Lebanese frontier but also heavily populated northern towns.

One of the main lessons of the Lebanese war has been that the radical Palestinian groups like those of George Habash and Ahmed Jubril, combined with the Lebanese radical Left, succeeded eventually in embroiling Yassir Arafat and the PLO's larger groups at the time when they were trying to cultivate a peacemaking image in the Lebanon simultaneously with a diplomatic one at the United Nations. Will the Syrians succeed in keeping southern Lebanon under control from behind their own frontiers? Should attacks on the northern settlements be resumed the Israeli Government will have a hard time withstanding pressure for counter action.

The political lessons Israel has drawn are more complex and centre on two main issues. Firstly, Israel's policy makers are now convinced that Syria's long-term aim is to bring Lebanon, Jordan and any proposed Palestinian state under her influence if not her direct control, and that from such a position of strength, rivalling even that of Egypt in the Arab world, Syria would then have little incentive to reconcile herself to Israel's existence. Secondly, the role of the Palestinians as a catalyst in the Lebanese civil war has demonstrated their capacity for disruption out of all proportion to Israel's earlier estimates of the Palestinians' political or military strength.

Both these assessments may have either a positive or a negative effect on future Israeli policy. Where the Syrians' plans are concerned, Israel may now feel there is urgent need to reach some accommodation with Jordan while Hussein still has political independence from Syria or to try for an overall settlement now before Syria's strength grows further. Yet while many Israelis admit that the Christians bear their share of responsibility for their present situation, the overriding Israeli reaction is that the Arab world has again shown itself hostile to the political expression of any religious or ethnic group separate from Islam within the Middle East frontiers.

Israel interprets the silence of Lebanese Christians abroad and of the Arab Christians among the Israel Arab community (who have only urged Israel to afford asylum to Christian refugees) and among the Christian Arab minority in the West Bank as acknowledgement of Moslem Arab nationalist power. If the Maronite Christians, with their history of autonomy in the Middle East since 1862, were now to be politically dispossessed, the implications would be grimmer still for Israel.

Where the Palestinians are concerned the divisive role they played in the civil war will be quoted by those Israelis who urge that Israel recognise the aspirations to independence of those Palestinians prepared to co-exist with Israel. (Israeli leaders have naturally lost no opportunity of stressing the violence of PLO participation in the Lebanese war and the mockery it has made of the PLO scenario for the 'secular democratic state'.) On the other hand, the Lebanese war has underlined the problem of the ultimate destination of the PLO's rank-and-file supporters in the refugee camps of Lebanon and Syria, fewer than 200,000 in number but the most obvious candidates for repatriation and potential recruits for further hostilities against Israel from any state on her borders. Jordan is equally unlikely to welcome them. Two thirds of the Palestinians today are Jordanian citizens.

The West Bankers have a tradition of stability which would be endangered by insurrection, and many Jordanian Palestinians have vested interests in the Hashemite regime, all of which makes them amenable to the notion of co-existence with Israel. But the 150,000 Palestinians in Lebanon, most of whom have lived for years on the poverty-stricken fringe of the prosperous Lebanese economy without citizenship or integration, and the Palestinians in Syria, armed and trained to serve Syria's own political ends, are the most likely to sabotage any moderate plan for Palestinian independence. This too has been underlined by their role in the Lebanese civil war.

Jerusalem

Roger Woddis

For Services Rendered

The *New York Times* has leaked a report that the CIA supplied King Hussein and other foreign leaders with 'female companions'. President Ford has honoured Mr William Colby, former CIA director, with the National Security Medal.

Oh, say have you seen
What has now come to light
Of the death of a dream
And of honour's bereavement?
Was the Agency wrong?
Was the President right
In awarding a gong
For distinguished achievement?
When the King felt the surge
Of a primitive urge,
It didn't take long
For a girl to emerge.
Oh, say did that star-spangled banner
still wave
When the Hashemite ruler demanded a
slave?

Mr Colby was proud
Of the service he gave,
And he dabbed at his eyes
As he fingered his cordon.
We may all rest content
That the eagle still flies
And that funds have been sent
To the banks of the Jordan.
Let no eyebrow be raised
Or the world stand amazed
That the King wasn't bent –
O may Allah be praised!
Let the names of the girls be inscribed
in fame's Hall:
When the telephones rang, they answered
the call!

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London Diary

☐ I sometimes wonder if Roy Jenkins knows what some of his small-time gauleiters get up to in his name. Only the other day Lord Justice Scarman said in the High Court that he was disturbed at the 'inhumanity' of the Home Office in refusing to allow an Indian farmer in to attend his daughter's wedding. Nevertheless, said he, he had no power to interfere. It wasn't much of a case: just a Mr Piara Singh, a family man from the Punjab, who wanted to go to his daughter's wedding in Wolverhampton on 30 January – today, in fact. He turned up at Heathrow immigration fully furnished with a valid return ticket; nevertheless they put him in custody, for deportation. His appeal was heard by Lord Justice Scarman, who said his sympathies were entirely with Mr Singh. But, sorry, he could do nothing about it. The key fact is something or other that Mr Singh said to the immigration officer, which the officer disbelieved. What it was that he said was not revealed in court nor, it seems, can the judge require to know it. Nor can he seek to hear the official's reasons for shutting the door on Mr Singh. 'What troubles me is the inhumanity of it all,' said the judge, turning Mr Singh down just the same. The case was to be reviewed in the Appeal Court. But still: what goes on? And how often? Mr Singh, done out of his daughter's wedding, may well be glad to return home to Mrs Indira Gandhi's radiant land of liberty.

☐ I mourn Paul Robeson, dead last week in Philadelphia and irreplaceable. It occurs to me that hardly anyone under 40 can have heard that incomparable voice in the flesh, as it were, so long is it since he sang to the people. For many years, before his illness crushed that voice, American politics had silenced him at home; he was among the early victims of the anti-socialist paranoia of the time. My first encounter with Paul Robeson was forever memorable to me. Many, many long years ago he came to Dundee, where I lived and worked; as a young reporter I was told to go and meet him. What I was supposed to do I never learned; whatever it was never happened. Some shameful and humiliating difficulties arose over his hotel accommodation. In the end we found somewhere; he accepted with total good nature. Before I left him he said: 'Thank you, brother, I owe you something', and he sat on the edge of the bed and very quietly sang me a verse or so of *Swing Low*. I never had a one-man celebrity recital in my life before, and I never shall again.

☐ On this week's *Read All About It* Hugh Scanlon was very crusty about *The Left in Britain*; he said it was wholly negative. I wonder what Bro. Scanlon wants from an anthology of nearly three dozen essays on socialism. If he wants consistency and a general Line he should go in for tracts. *The Left in Britain* (ed. David Widgery, and a pretty pricey Peregrine paperback at £4) shoots down a lot of assumptions from a lot of angles, and makes mincemeat of many myths. It looks at the years 1956-1968 broadly from the International Socialist view, though sometimes pretty wryly. Peter Sedgwick's introduction, 'Farewell Grosvenor Square', first appeared in the NS in September 1974; it deserves its place at the head of the demo. It is an elegy to the passing of the Radical Renaissance of the Middle Class. 'The story of the British Left from the 1956 split in the CP to the growth and disintegration of the Vietnam Solidarity movement is the record of a political adolescence. And who can review his own adolescence without an embarrassed blush or an amused smile?' The CND Aldermaston march of 1961 had about 100,000 in Trafalgar Square. The Vietnam demo of 1968 drew about the same number. But they weren't the same people, seven years older. The Left, says Peter Sedgwick, is not cumulative, only fluctuating, at least on its 'intellectual' fringes. 'The Instant Left was abstract, brave, verbally fluent and powerless. The working-class protest was concrete, cautious, verbally stereotyped and often successful.' Goodbye Rudi Dutschke, farewell Grosvenor Square, it's a long long way to Aldermaston and nobody's there.

☐ I know just how the Icelanders feel. It would be difficult to have a cod war in my garden pond, which is about ten feet long, but we wage a running cat war. Our fish, through long self-indulgence, have become too trusting, too apt to confuse their fingered friends with the predatory and horrible cats who crawl forever into our territorial limits and try to nick the fish at the shallow end. Having no gunboats, I shout and stamp and rattle the windows at them; they flee, only to return, their warps uncut. It gives me pleasure to say that now the pond has frozen over. I see the loathsome cats glowering in at it, tentatively prodding the ice. With any luck one of them will break through, forever.

☐ You are of course aware that next month is a very special month indeed, in that February will have five Sundays. This can happen roughly every 28 years; this occasion is the last of this century. The next five-Sunday February will be in 2004. This information comes to you, as it comes to me, by courtesy of the Rev. A. W. V. Mace, of Long Mawston, Yorkshire, who wrote to *The Times* newspaper about it some weeks ago. I remembered it because I knew nobody else would. How awful if those hours of rectory calculations went for nothing. I suppose that for a Reverend a five-Sunday February counts as overtime. Don't seem worth it, mate, not once every 28 years.

☐ It now costs what I used to call 1s 6d to post a letter; one of them took 12 days to reach me from Regent Street. This was unlucky, the average is about five days, in which time I could at a pinch make half a dozen trips to Bahrain in the demon machine, were I both rich and insane. The postman now hurls his stuff in the box and runs for his life, fearful of retribution. I send an awful lot of letters. More and more one feels like putting them in bottles and tossing them into the Thames. I also make much use, or try to, of the telephone. There is much rivalry from embittered clients claiming records in dreadful service. So far champion is a gentleman from *Punch* who the other day proudly claimed to have got three crossed lines *simultaneously*. Having dialled the Savoy Hotel he was put in contact with someone trying to place a bet with his bookmaker, who turned out to be a ladies' hairdresser in Fulham. These three-way phone-ins emerged against a background of engaged signals, dialling tones, indiscriminate pips and, of course, the statutory heavy breathing. Seek not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee. My own has for the time being stopped tolling or ringing, altogether. Instead the phone has taken to *hissing*, like a cobra. It is very menacing, one knows it can indicate nothing but ill. One evening this week it hissed with especial malevolence and the operator said 'East Berlin wants you'. As it turned out, it was of no moment, but I feel it could have been more kindly done.

☐ If the Linda Lovelace case taught us anything (and it seems to have taught a lot of people a great deal) it is how far the legal world has changed since Lady Chatterley. No nonsense now about whether you would allow your servants to read all about it. Just simple innocent descriptions of country pleasures, or oral sex and sandwich-games and who does what to whom, and especially how. And whenever before – perhaps in history – has a learned judge asked an Old Bailey witness from the bench: 'Would you care to use the word fuck?' What next? Don't tell me.

James Cameron

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ When I watch modern soccer players, long-haired and emotional as a lot of hysterical women, kissing each other when they score a goal, it reminds me of an incident on the polo ground at Secunderabad in 1922. I was lucky enough to score the goal that won the cup and started waving my polo stick in the way that a Zulu used to wave his assegai during a battle. The Second in Command of my Regiment quietly called me over, as captain of the team, and impressively said 'You should always remember there are losers'. A lesson I never forgot! When he died a couple of years ago, I sent that incident to his vicar in a Berkshire village as my tribute to a great English sportsman. The vicar read it out at the funeral service. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph* (D. G. Williams)

☐ Surrey's county education officer is to look into parents' allegations that an infants school headmaster assaulted a boy with his artificial leg for turning the wrong way in a maypole dance. – *Times Educational Supplement* (Lee Enright)

☐ Britain is to spend up to £500,000 on celebrations of her defeat in the 1776 American War of Independence, MPs were told yesterday. – *Daily Telegraph* (D. D. Walker)

☐ Army vets have destroyed 24 mules in Hong Kong as part of Britain's defence economies. – *Financial Times* (E. G. Breeze)

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Ritchie Calder

Agatha and I

On 4 December 1926 a Morris two-seater car was found toppled into a chalk pit on the side of the bluff at Newlands Corner on the Surrey Downs. The ignition was switched off. The brakes were off. It was in neutral gear. It contained a fur coat and other evidence which identified it with Mrs Agatha Christie, whose ninth detective story, *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* was a current success. There was no trace of the owner.

That discovery produced a suspense thriller as bizarre as anything she ever wrote. A police circular was immediately issued:

> Missing from her home, The Styles, Sunningdale, Berkshire, Mrs Agatha May Clarissa Christie, age, 35; height, 5 ft 7; hair, red, shingled, part grey; complexion, fair; build, slight; dressed in grey stockinet skirt, green jumper, grey and dark grey cardigan, and small velour hat; wearing a platinum ring with one pearl; no wedding ring: black handbag with purse containing perhaps £5 or £10. Left home by car at 9.45 p.m. Fri. leaving note saying that she was going for a drive.

The search began. Over 100 police were posted to Newlands Corner – a mere token force compared with what was to come.

On the Saturday they dragged the Silent Pool, properly creepy, 'bottomless' and rife with folklore, close by Newlands Corner. All they discovered was that it was not bottomless. By Sunday the police force, regulars and specials, had been increased to 300, reinforced by hundreds of motorists, cycle clubs and ramblers organised into the search.

The Fleet Street Heavy Brigade was out in force. Here were the toughest crime reporters whose reputations filled young journalists like myself with awe. They were backed up by assistants and they divided up between Guildford, the command post of the search, and Sunningdale, where Colonel Christie, the husband, was. My senior colleague from the *Daily News* concentrated on The Styles, and the household there while I, on my first Fleet Street crime assignment, and feeling very much the pariah with a pride of lions, hunted with the pack on the Downs.

In retrospect, it is difficult to decide who were most responsible, the police or the press, for a 'missing person' inquiry being blown up into the crime of the century – or at least of 12 days. Crime? Yes, from the first, the police muttered 'murder' and hinted at things they knew that we did not know. And not just the self-evident: that the car had been pushed over the edge of the embankment and that, on a bitterly cold, hoarfrost night, Mrs Christie's fur coat had been left in the car. When we asked for evidence of a struggle on the top of the bluff, we were reminded that the ground had been frozen and that with sun-up the evidence would have melted.

The situation was complicated by the unconcealed rivalry between the Berkshire police and the Surrey police, with outspoken complaints that each was withholding facts from the other. So far from discouraging press attention, each was feeding out some facts and broad hints which the crime reporters followed up. Moreover, in those days crime reporters and police were very much in cahoots.

Hither and thither, the reporters put the pieces together. The Christies had been married 12 years and had a daughter. Colonel Archibald Christie was (and looked) a distinguished soldier. He had an impressive first world war record. He had won the DSO and had received the CMG. She had served in the war as a VAD and had become a highly efficient pharmacist. She had emerged as a detective story-writer in 1920 with *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*. She had had eight successful thrillers before they moved (eight months before her disappearance) to The Styles (*sic*) at Sunningdale and now her *Murder of Roger Ackroyd* was in the best-seller lists. But all was not well. Earlier in 1926, she had had a nervous breakdown and she and Colonel Christie had spent some time in the South of France while she recovered.

The press sleuths established that on the morning of her disappearance they had had a flaming row of the you-go-your-way-and-I'll-go-mine variety. Mrs Christie had driven off to see a relative of Colonel Christie to seek comfort or mediation. When she got back to The Styles in the evening, she found that Colonel Christie had, in fact, packed his bags and left. Her secretary, who knew a great deal about Colonel Christie, told her he had gone to a country house at Godalming in Surrey to meet a Miss Neele. Mrs Christie was violently upset.

After nine at night, she got into her car, leaving not only her note but a paper-chase of other documents about the contents of which the police hinted mysteriously (depending on whether it was the Berkshire police, who actually had them, or the Surrey police, who had only been told about them) and the actual contents were never disclosed. The press were left in no doubt, however, that her note was more than the 'going for a drive' of the police circular.

One thing which was established by press interrogation was that the secretary, whether at Mrs Christie's suggestion or because she panicked, telephoned the country house at Godalming to warn Colonel Christie. A dinner party was in progress. This was more than an assignation; it was what the household described as an 'engagement' party for Colonel Christie and Miss Neele. He was called from the table, took the call, made abrupt apologies and drove off in his car. The implication was that he was going to intercept her to avoid a confrontation at the house. The police checked the times of her and his departures and did check runs in both directions. The two could have met at Newlands Corner.

In the days which followed, the search became more and more spectacular. Light planes were brought in from Brooklands, hedgehopping over the landscape. Police dogs joined in the search. So did the Guildford and Shere Beagles Hunt; and Patsy, Mrs Christie's wire-haired terrier.

The newspapers, all newspapers, were having a field day. Even the sedate *Times* of Geoffrey Dawson's days as editor was giving it daily coverage and interviewing witnesses as assiduously as the tabloids. The *Daily Sketch* crime reporter had got hold of a powder puff, claimed to be Mrs Christie's, and had given it to a clairvoyant who described how the body would be found in a log-house. It just happened that Trevor Allen, of the *Westminster Gazette*, later to become a distinguished literary critic, and I had been hunting together and had come across, in the heart of a wood, a log-house (somebody's summer retreat). We peered through the front windows and saw, silhouetted against the rear window, the shape of a body lying on a cot. It proved to be a bedroll. Nevertheless, the house, obviously closed up for the winter, had been recently occupied. Trevor Allen in great excitement discovered a 'bottle of opium.' Actually, it was ipecacuanha and opium, in discreet proportions, used in the treatment of chronic diarrhoea. Accepting our wild goose chase, we went back to Guildford and told our colleagues, as an amusing story, about our adventure.

They immediately swarmed off to that clearing. One picture-paper reporter took the barmaid of a Guildford hotel with him. He scattered face-powder on the doorstep, and got her to step in it. Next day the shoe-print appeared with the caption 'Is this Mrs Christie's?' Another used the 'opii' without the 'ipec'.

On the second weekend, 2,000 people were organised in the search covering Shere, Clandon and One Tree Hill. The plateau at Newland's Corner was like Epsom Downs on Derby Day. By Monday the 13th the police announced that they were extending the ground search to an area of 40 square miles. Meanwhile, back at The Styles, Colonel Christie was being persistently questioned by both police and press and, with that party to cover up and with his movements on the night of the disappearance, he was making a poor impression.

During the week, the *Daily News* had offered a reward of £100 to anyone who could give any information about the movements or whereabouts of Mrs Agatha Christie, with accompanying pictures. On Monday the 13th a member of the staff of the Harrogate Hydro telephoned the *Daily News* to say that he was sure that a woman registered as 'Theresa Neele' was, in fact, Mrs Christie. The 'Theresa Neele' touch was freakish but it could not be coincidence. Sidney Campion, who in his later career was to be a barrister, top civil servant and internationally exhibited sculptor, was late duty reporter and was sent hotfoot to Harrogate. I, still a junior reporter, was sent on to the next train, to help.

There was no melodrama in the Hydro lounge. 'Theresa Neele' was not wearing the stockinet-cardigan outfit of the police description. She was wearing a morning frock and there was no attempt at disguise.

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She was not flustered. She answered to 'Mrs Christie' and when asked how she got there she said that she did not know and was suffering from amnesia. She eventually retreated to her room with a lot of questions unanswered. 'Amnesia' was much too clinical a word for someone supposedly surprised into conversation, and if, as her doctor later suggested, she had an 'identity crisis', well, there was no 'Theresa Neele' lurking in the self-possessed woman I met.

Colonel Christie, alerted by the police, had caught the afternoon train to Harrogate, arriving at 6.30 in the evening. He came to the Hydro in company with Inspector MacDowell of the local police. There was no paging of 'Theresa Neele'. They just took up a position in the lounge from which they could observe the stairs. About half an hour later she came down the stairs. Colonel Christie got up and went to meet her. There was no question that she recognised him. There was no 'scene', no show of affection or hostility. They talked quietly and presently he took her by the arm and led her into the dining-room, where they were given a corner table. After their talk, Colonel Christie spoke to the pressmen. He said she was suffering from 'complete loss of memory'.

There was no way past that amnesia. A disgruntled press, deprived of their crime of the century, made churlish noises. One paper calculated that the police costs of the search had put a halfpenny on the Surrey rates. There was the suggestion that it was a publicity stunt. That I discount entirely. Agatha Christie was making a steady and profitable reputation as a thriller-writer. *Roger Ackroyd* did not need that kind of ballyhoo. But, of course, in the outcome, she became a household word, and a bar-room subject. Emotionally disturbed, yes. Suffering from amnesia, no. She may have gone to Harrogate to forget but she was not wandering about in the clothes she was wearing at Newlands Corner; she had an outfit with her. She was not living at the Harrogate Hydro on the '£5 or £10' which was the most she had in the police notice. Registering as Theresa Neele was a sardonic twist – the name of her husband's woman friend, whom he was to marry when she later divorced him.

What was in her mind, which afterwards was to create so many ingenious situations and dénouements, when she left The Styles must be a matter of conjecture. She was unquestionably in a desperate mood. If she had intended suicide and if her body had been found in the Silent Pool, say, I have no doubt from what I knew of the police attitude, that Colonel Christie would have been held, on circumstantial evidence.

* * *

During the black-out in the blitz I was found unconscious in Euston Square and taken on a passing weapon carrier to University College Hospital. When I recovered consciousness, although still bemused by a subforachnoid brain haemorrhage, I was startled to see a woman by my bed, pouring out a sinister liquid into a medicine glass; the recognition was mutual. We had last met in the lounge of the Harrogate Hydro on 14 December 1926. She was Agatha Christie, back at her war-work as a dispenser.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Frontal Attack

We all know what happened to the original English version of *The Perfumed Garden*, lovingly translated from the French in 1888 by Sir Richard Burton (and a snap exists of him assiduously at work). This rich panorama of Arabic sexual practice, from the lively quill of Shaykh Nafzawi and dating from 1410, was expanded down the years by the many authors who had additional happy thoughts on the subject. On Sir Richard's death, his manuscript was pounced on by Lady Burton who, scandalised by the many saucy portions, instantly popped them on the nearest bonfire, ensuring for herself both a life-time and a posterity of violent condemnation.

But courage! Sir Richard's work lives again, now entitled *The Glory of the Perfumed Garden* (Neville Spearman. £3.75) and furnished by a 'professional translator', coyly anonymous though possibly American (there is a reference, as well there might be, to 'petting'). Those who do not obtain access to this particular Garden can hardly complain that their sexual education needs these days to hang fire. Illustrated information is everywhere to hand. *Playgirl*, the counterpart of *Playboy* and apparently destined for ladies who enjoy having a dekko at chaps in free-and-easy postures, is now even on sale in Harrods.

The Shaykh's book, though describing sexual deviations in some detail, opts pretty strongly for the straight stuff. Readers may care to know that sexual union is the very thing to cure headaches, mental disorder, clouded vision and sensations of suffocation. On the other hand, look out for involuntary twitchings and itching. And for heaven's sake watch your diet:

> Coitus after fish results in insanity, after milk in paralysis, after camel-meat and lentils in varicose veins and gout, after aubergines in hot flushes.

It's all a question of timing and checking with the cook. And for pity's sake, no activity before breakfast.

The author provides, in addition to various recommended gymnastics, a feast of assorted information:

There's nothing new about water-beds. Years ago, the Caliph Mutawakkil invented a large tank filled with mercury and covered with blankets 'which put him through the motions without his having to use any great effort'.

Marital consummation during the daytime *need not* be accompanied by a torch-light procession, but nicer with it, of course.

Weddings and funerals were often women's only chance of leaving the house at all and so cemeteries were frequently the scene of vigorous sexual activity.

'Some procuresses carry rosaries and wear woollen clothing', which may remind NS readers of a winning entry in the competition about Misleading Advice for Foreigners ('There is no state-controlled harlotry but it may safely be assumed that any woman found *seated* in the National Portrait Gallery is a procuress').

If the loved one plays hard-to-get, a gift of pigeons is always popular.

The Queen of Sheba had hairy legs.

What, one wonders, will be the book's effect on the general public? Let us imagine a retired couple, Standish and Mildred Bulstrode, living quietly near Bognor. Major Bulstrode was, as they say, in teak and both have green fingers. They spot the book in Hoggit and Bumfield's window and snap it up, the words 'glory', 'garden' and 'perfume' persuading them that it is the last word on tobacco plant and night-scented stock.

Excitedly they read it through from cover to cover and instantly their lives are transformed. Mildred starts thinking of her breasts as ripe pomegranates, anoints them, as instructed, with the liquid from onions boiled in jasmine oil, and orders a camel from Liberty's. At the golf club everybody remarks on Standish's new brightness of eye and vitality (he is no longer the listless competitor who makes such a poor showing in the Monthly Medal). To the polite question 'How's the Missus, Bulstrode?' he now replies, 'She is as fair as the crescent moon and as slender as a deodar,' adding for good measure, 'Ink-pens without ink avail a man little. No collops roast without skewers, nor can sails rise without a mast.' Then, with a glad cry of 'Now, home to my gazelle!' he dashes out, leaps into the Datsun and drives off, leaving a perplexed gathering round the bar. 'Poor old Bulstrode has gone right off his rocker.' They can hardly know that the Major is now very much *on* his rocker.

But only in moderation. As he himself so often says, 'Happy is he who has a box of dates from which he eats but once a day'. However, to make sure that the dates are available, Mildred revises her menus completely. For dinner she takes equal amounts of wild garlic, rocket seeds and Chinese ginger, mixing all to a paste in sesame oil. For starters there are celery seeds tossed in fat. Meanwhile Standish besieges Boots for fresh supplies of bezoar (a stony deposit found in llamas' stomachs and, grated into drinks, splendid for helping things along).

Dining with the Bulstrodes at 'Gay Baskets' is something of a hazard. Startled guests find themselves sitting down to Indian millet, glasses of ewe's milk, nettles, manna, weaned camel's rennet and a strange blackish substance. 'Whatever's this, Mildred?' 'Oh *that*. It's minced hyena's pizzle. I managed to get the very last one in Lethbridge's.'

Anxious to change the subject, somebody

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inquires about the fruit of the Bulstrodes' loins, a rather lumpy girl of 33 now working in the local kennels. 'What's the news of Mona?' The question is a sitter for the Major. 'A pearl from the treasures of the sea is a virgin untouched by the jeweller's drill.' When dining alone, the Bulstrodes tend to favour a somewhat gaseous diet but, alas, the slightest instance of wind is a Ritual Impurity and must be immediately rectified by a Lesser Ablution (if the water's been cut off, make do with fine sand). The Bulstrodes, partial to baked beans, are for ever on the move.

And so to bed, after the Bognor muezzin has called them to prayer, with the Major feasting his eyes on Mildred, fragrant with amber, civet and musk and *troublante* as ever behind her yashmak, with her face 'as comely as the moon at full and eyes as lustrous as the antelope's'. And there is, in addition, the good book's comforting assertion that 'Women are like beds – the bulkiest are the softest'.

Letters to the Editor

Snubbing Select Committees

Sir, I am afraid I cannot share John Griffith's faith in parliamentary Select Committees (NS 23 January). The truth is that no one cares about them any more; the Prime Minister and his government colleagues, the civil service, the press, even the MPs themselves, all treat the committees with a remarkable disdain. The recent refusal of Chrysler's Mr Riccardo and Downing Street's Mr Lever to give evidence on the Chrysler affair to the Trade and Industry sub-committee, one of the many offshoots of the Select Committee on Expenditure, is but one example of a generalised contempt for the committees. It is forgotten that when the same sub-committee took evidence on the motor industry in the last parliamentary session, Hugh Scanlon, leader of the AUEW, also cried off appearing before the MPs. The committee report last summer said that Mr Scanlon had been excused because 'of the pressure of his other commitments'. But it added: 'This is something we will be reluctant to permit in future.' It is very hard to know what a committee would actually do to force a witness to attend against his will.

Faced with Mr Lever's point-blank refusal to appear, sub-committee chairman Pat Duffy has said that the minister's attendance will now only be required if there are gaps in the evidence when the current inquiry has been completed. Heaven knows, Mr Duffy has no jurisdiction whatsoever over Mr Riccardo, who does not even live here, or even Lord Ryder, who, as a peer, has special immunities.

There is also no guarantee either that the Commons as a whole would support a Select Committee which wanted to compel a witness to attend. Take, for example, the recent recommendation from the Select Committee of Privileges for a six-month parliamentary bar on two journalists, a proposal ignominiously turfed out on a vote of the whole House. The journalists concerned had made use of a draft report leaked from the Select Committee on Wealth Tax. One of the clearest breaches of privilege in recent years, particularly as the Wealth Tax Committee eventually produced five different reports and no agreement on any of them. There is no committee more senior than Privileges, yet MPs stayed away in droves for the expulsion debate, and failed to back up the authority of their colleagues in the deciding vote.

It is a pattern of disdain and scorn which has become well-established among MPs. Only last Thursday the Commons debated a batch of reports from the Select Committee on Public Accounts, normally regarded as one of the more authoritative. The debate, which collapsed early, was attended by just nine MPs on the back benches, and even some members of the committee concerned were absent.

Yet more evidence of contempt is proffered by government Departments. The first Special Report from the Select Committee on Expenditure, published last week, complained that Whitehall was taking an average of six months to reply to points made in committee reports. That average included four departmental replies which had taken more than ten months each, and no account was taken at all of the attitude of the Department of Education and Science, which had still not answered two other Select Committee reports, 23 months and 17 months after publication.

This very important complaint contained in that first Special Report of the session was not carried in any national newspaper last week. After the first flush of sensation which undoubtedly surrounds some investigations, like the motor industry, wealth tax and wife battering, journalists on the whole tend to back off from the everyday boredom of committee folk. Obviously, in the hands of men who have been, and ever will be, passed over for ministerial office, Select Committees can create headlines and the odd bit of embarrassment. But too often that only puts up the collective back of the cabinet and the governmental establishment.

Committees have failed to attract the talents of the most qualified MPs, partly because the set-up is generically weak, lacks research, time, professionalism, partly even because the Whips stick in their own oar on membership and chairmanship. Because the quality is so poor, very few MPs are interested. That in itself is reflected in turnover – as high as 50 per cent in the lifetime of some committees.

Because the Select Committees lack weight and experience, they carry no political punch. No wonder no one cares about them any more.

ANTHONY BEVINS

Press Gallery
House of Commons

Devolution Dilemmas

Sir, John Mackintosh's otherwise excellent article on Labour and Scotland (NS 16 January) fails to show consistency in its conclusion. After telling us that the Scottish Executive of the Labour Party had to be ordered to support devolution he asks that virtually the same executive should be made autonomous from the main British Labour Party. Also that Willie Ross should be replaced.

Yet this would only be cosmetic. The real problem is that most Labour leaders in both Scotland and England believe to varying degrees in the present system of government in the UK. Few have Mr Mackintosh's long-standing commitment to devolution as a good thing in itself and not as something simply with which to beat the Nationalists.

Unfortunately this approach of 'minimum damage to the status quo' is reflected in the White Paper. Gone is the commitment to give control of industry and the Scottish economy to the Assembly. (Mr Mackintosh participated in a Labour Party broadcast that gave this election pledge.) But instead of howls of protest from the Labour Party in Scotland all we got was the lame plea that 'the White Paper has green edges'.

Jim Sillars and the new Scottish Labour Party have shown the way forward. What we need is a new party wholly committed to devolution as a way of strengthening democratic socialism in Scotland. Instead of trumping it, Mr Mackintosh should join it. As he says: time is short.

COLIN BOYD

25 Cherry Tree Park
Balerno, Midlothian

Democracy's Guarantor

Sir, When Professor Michael Howard (Letters 16 January), in reply to my claim that 'socialism is the imposition of sanity on the berserk', suggests that this is why dissidents in socialist countries 'are confined to lunatic asylums', he is being less than candid. For they are also shot. Or used to be.

The point is however that in general socialist countries have tended to perpetuate the *political* traits of their former non-socialist regimes, and that consequently there is no reason to believe that Britain should be exempt from the historic laws that determine this. In other words, the best of our democratic traditions should remain intact, and expanding. That, in fact, is one of the points of socialism.

If Professor Howard wants to see what the point of the opposite is, he should look at Chile. This provides a classic example of the destruction of a Western-type democracy. It is not the parties of the Left, the trade unions etc., that have destroyed it, but the Right, big business, the military. And this is natural in one way because these latter represent the objectives of a *minority* which can ultimately only impose or preserve its interests through the establishment of a dictatorship. The majority – which socialism represents – do not *need* distatorship, for democracy is entirely adequate to their purpose.

This explains the tendency of capitalism in crisis to slide into fascism, and why, in fact, it is socialism alone that has now become the final guarantee of democracy in the West.

VICTOR JONES

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The Left and the Environment

Sir, Ian Henderson (Letters 23 January) asks why the Left is so coy about environmental issues. The answer is surely that not only is the environmental movement primarily middle-class in membership, but it often appears to be acting in the interests of that class, against the working class.

Socialism, although its ultimate values are non-economic, aims to achieve its objectives largely by economic means, and in particular through the more equal distribution of economic resources and economic power. It is this redistribution which appears threatened by the environmental movement. Partly this is because the Labour Party has pursued equality by aiming to distribute the benefits of growth preferentially to the less well-off, mostly through public expenditure. A 'no-growth' economy would destroy this strategy, and force the party back to the older, but politically much more difficult, strategy of taking from some to give to others.

Again, environmentalists quite rightly want to restrict the use of scarce resources and environmentally undesirable goods. (Motor-cars

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are the obvious example.) The obvious method of restriction is rationing by price, but until the distribution of income is reformed, the effect of this must be that goods possessed by the middle class are priced out of the reach of the working class. It is easy to interpret this as the middle class pulling up the ladder.

At the local level, which is where most Labour activists encounter the environmental movement, its image is even worse. The 'anywhere but here' type of group, which once would have resisted a council estate in a middle-class area, on the grounds of falling property values, now does so on 'environmental' grounds, and thus discredits the movement whose rhetoric it has borrowed. Even the more responsible local groups tend ultimately to promote middle-class interests, since like most local groups (including the Labour Party) this is the class to which most of their activists belong. Thus when they propose improvements to their immediate environment this is likely to be an area less in need than the deprived, and largely working-class, areas nearby, which have, however, no such groups to speak for them. Thus local environmentalists, by putting forward legitimate but limited cases, may distort a local authority's expenditure priorities away from the areas most in need.

So the Labour Party sees the environmental movement as a vehicle for middle-class interests. To a small extent this is justified; to a larger extent it is the result of the party's political history. In the main, however, it is the result of the movement's limited base at local level, and of the opportunists who were quick to leap on to its bandwagon. It is a great pity that all this has tended to discredit those in the movement with deep convictions and a broader vision – among whom, incidentally, I count Hugh Montefiore.

P. J. Casey

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Democracy and the NUS

Sir, While broadly agreeing with Mr Marsden (Letters 16 January) on the unrepresentative nature of the NUS executive. I feel that his proposal will not in fact amend the situation. The National Union of Students has approximately 660,000 members, and the idea of each member voting for the executive is at first sight nicely democratic and probably won sympathy with many of your readers. But if we examine the proposition a little more carefully, we will easily see how dangerous an argument direct elections involve. The members of the NUS are students, spread throughout the British Isles: these students would presumably need to know something about the candidates for election before voting, if this increased democracy was to possess any real value. But the candidates for election are also students; how does Mr Marsden propose that the candidates make their views known to voters? Take six months off their studies and travel up and down the country like some kind of freak circus? Send out 660,000 manifestos, paid for out of the individual's grant? Or better still, let the NUS foot the bill, forgetting its already imminent bankruptcy? Or just leave it to our oh-so-neutral national newspapers?

Mr Marsden is also forgetting (or ignoring) the indisputable fact that large numbers of students are simply not interested in matters political, do not care who is on their national executive, and would not bother voting. The NUS is not simply a political machine: it provides a travel service, sports facilities and so on. Either a communist or a fascist could run these – just as the political views of the kitchen staff at college make no difference to the quality of the food.

The devotees of this new extended super-democracy are wallowing in ideals (or perhaps merely their frustration at the Broad Left's reign) and forgetting practicalities. The present arrangement, with individual colleges' elected representatives attending conference and voting in an executive, may well be imperfect (a student backed by a political grouping may produce a prettier manifesto for the delegates) but no system is flawless. If Mr Marsden is unhappy with the Broad Left's control of the NUS, he should do something more positive about it than write frumpy, illogical and misleading letters to political journals.

Nigel Twose
Deputy President
Students' Union Society
Royal Holloway College
Englefield Green, Surrey

Still Open

Sir, I read Mr Richard West's moving account of the decline and disappearance of great hotels of the East (NS 19 December). While the St Georges certainly is gone, perhaps forever, I am happy to assure Mr West that reports of the death of Raffles Hotel, Singapore, are along the same lines as those relating to Mark Twain.

Indeed, I know Mr West will be happy to hear that we took Christmas luncheon at Raffles, in the Palm Court, beneath the Travellers' Palms, and that, when the first drop of monsoonal rail fell on the turkey, the captain especially assigned to pamper a table of four was able to inform us that a second, duplicate table awaited us on the verandah. All is not lost.

Bruce Wilson

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Noise Levels

Sir, I write as a professional electronic engineer active in the field of medical electronics. Brigid Brophy (NS 23 January) seems to believe that because decibels are obscure (to her) technical things which cannot be handled like potatoes they do not exist. But if these numbers mean nothing to her, does she believe that a noise beyond the threshold of pain can and should be inflicted on anyone? Even on those near an airport? These people are slowly going to lose their hearing. To me this is a terrible thing. To her a joke.

A. Sandman

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Chapel Memories

Sir, Arthur Marshall's entertaining description of his indoctrination in the Christian religion at Oundle (NS 23 January) reminds me of my own experiences at Lancing between 1916 and 1921, some of which have been well described by my contemporary Evelyn Waugh.

Each week day we had compulsory Matins and Evensong in the chapel – admittedly a most beautiful building. On Sundays at the time of my arrival we had compulsory Communion at 8.0, compulsory Matins at 11.0 and compulsory Evensong at 6.30, and our day ended with House Prayers. Later some changes were made in this programme. We were given the alternative on Sundays of Communion at 8.0 or Matins at 7.30, which for obvious reasons was less popular. Morning service at 11.0 was replaced by a talk given in the chapel on some 'suitable' subject, occasionally by a layman. I remember that when J. P. Roxburgh was to give one of these talks he was asked by the chaplain to start and end with prayers, and replied: 'My dear fellow, I could not possibly address the Almighty in public.'

I have no recollection of our indulging in betting, cricket games or home-made litanies, but as a member of the choir one had some perks and a degree of freedom denied to other boys, and we took full advantage of both.

In my time there were two really dramatic incidents in chapel. One was when on a very windy day a large and heavy pane of glass was blown in from an upper window with a loud bang; it floated down quite slowly over the heads of boys, threatening decapitation, but finally, possibly by divine intervention, crashed with no harmful effects into an empty masters' pew. The second was when our headmaster, Canon Bowlby, lost consciousness while celebrating Communion and fell backwards down the altar steps; at the time we thought that this might also be an example of divine intervention.

As at Oundle, this intensive indoctrination greatly encouraged a lack of religious belief, and there is some reason to think that the public schools earlier in this century made a major contribution to the decline in church attendance. It certainly had this effect on me.

John Trevelyan

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Pets v. People

Sir, If James Cameron (London Diary 23 January) failed to be horrified by *Jaws*, he might take a look at *The Return of the Pink Panther*. It has a running gag about a man having his fingers crushed repeatedly by our debonair hero (Christopher Plummer). Hilarious isn't the word. Contrariwise, a parrot sucked into a vacuum cleaner miraculously survives. Human mutilation is good family entertainment, but we mustn't upset pet-lovers. That's what popular cinema is all about. Anyone for sado-sentimentalism?

Roger Woddis

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Survival of the Species

Sir, How gratifying to learn from Arthur Marshall (NS 16 January) that the passenger pigeon, extinct in these United States since 1914, has been re-established in England and was recently spotted by him on the London Underground.

Goodwin Weinberg

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BOOKS & ARTS

David Mitchell

Power to the Persons

Shoulder to Shoulder by MIDGE MACKENZIE
Allen Lane £7.75 and £3.50
The Suffragette View by ANTONIA RAEBURN
David & Charles £4.25

Eleven years ago, when I was interviewing members of the Suffragette Fellowship, the icy reactions of some to anything short of reverence for the elder Pankhursts (they were not so fussy about the 'deviationist' Sylvia) gave me an unforgettable glimpse of the kind of know-nothing truculence which stiffened Asquith's resistance. I can well understand why Lloyd George, after a meeting with Annie Kenney and 'General' Drummond in February 1913 during which he remarked that he 'did not think much of their Christabel taking her ease in Paris and leaving others to do the fighting', told C. P. Scott that it was 'like criticising the Virgin Mary'; or why in the same year H. W. Nevinson, a perfervid loyalist (he had resigned from the *Daily News* in 1909 in protest against the forcible feeding of suffragette hunger-strikers and was quite infatuated with Christabel), noted with perplexity in his journal:

> . . . jealousy, reckless discharging of organisers, suspicion of me especially . . . Christabel has actually thought that we were willing to extradite her! It is like the French Terror, but that the power is lacking to behead us all.

Nevinson – and his fellow-resigner, H. N. Brailsford, who by 1911 considered that 'Christabel's services are about at an end' – were not the only men who came to feel that their admiration for suffragette freedom fighters was being exploited by an organisation which had thrown almost everything except female chauvinism to the winds. Zealots of the Men's Political Union who vied with their heroines (in some cases their girl friends) for the honour of going to prison for the Cause, were sharply reminded that their part was to run errands and deputise for the absent ones. In the *Freewoman*, launched in 1911 and edited by two ex-militants, Mary Gawthorpe and Dora Marsden, H. G. Wells complained of a policy which consisted mainly of

> a perpetual nagging of Mr Asquith, the State Husband and Public Hen Peckee of the Woman Movement. I propose that the WSPU shall try to cure itself of its morbid infatuation for this man. Asquith will die.

Bernard Shaw, constantly pestered to speak at WSPU rallies and as constantly refusing, had much the same feeling. In August 1912 he wrote to Mrs Fawcett (leader of the non-militant suffragists) that he was

> tired of the henpecking and of the want of effective political capacity behind the huge resources of the WSPU. What are you to say to grown-up women who think that their dear jolly blithering Christabel is the greatest political genius since Richelieu?

Rowland Kenney, Annie's socialist brother, while granting that the Pankhursts had been magnificent catalysts and that the WSPU 'had settled once for all in the minds of foolish male scoffers that for courage, determination and persistency woman are equal, if not superior, to men', argued that by 1907 it had virtually sold out. The Pethick-Lawrences' success in attracting wealthy supporters had blocked any serious attempt to broaden the social base of the militant campaign. Meetings were

> attended regularly by leisured Suffragettes as the music halls are frequented on a Monday afternoon by a certain type of people, and for much the same reason – it is 'the thing' to go.

By 1912 the increasingly fashionable WSPU had, in his view, degenerated into

> the most ghastly failure of modern times . . . Its warriors are spent on attacking almost impregnable positions from idiotic grounds of disadvantage, and then cast aside with reckless abandon to make room for other willing tools.

Yet the so-called women's war would remain a tabloid charade by comparison with the genuine threat of mass-backed militancy in the trade unions and in Northern Ireland, 'unless the malcontents go on to the logical ultimate, commit murder and burn and sack a town'.

Such sentiments were not confined to disillusioned male auxiliaries or to people who, like Kenney, Ramsay MacDonald, Mary Macarthur and Margaret Bondfield, regarded the suffrage agitation as a tedious side-issue. In 1911 Teresa Billington Greig, one of the first and most effective recruits to the WSPU, published her criticisms of a 'sham revolution' which alternated bursts of defiance and wails of injured innocence. Mary Gawthorpe, for five years one of its star orators, described the latter-day WSPU as a noisy, over-publicised, irrelevant sect and accused Christabel of political ineptitude. In the *New Freewoman* and the *Egoist* Dora Marsden ridiculed the WSPU Purity Crusade (slogan: Votes for Women and Chastity for Men). What, she asked, had become of the dashing Maiden Warrior, that Symbol of Iconoclastic Youth? 'It becomes increasingly difficult to realise that Christabel Pankhurst is a comparatively young woman.'

Commenting upon a celebrated prison ruse (Lady Constance Lytton's transformation into Jane Warton, working lass), Dora Marsden suggested that Lady Con had been valuable to the movement simply *because* she was the daughter of an Earl. 'Had she presented herself at Clement's Inn as, say, plain "Martha Jones", would she have rested in Miss Christabel's boudoir? No, not, not, NOT.' Even in the full flush of their loyalty, Miss Marsden and other suffragettes in Manchester had formed a group which

> as an unholy joke called itself the SOS, Sick of Suffrage, of the interminable reiteration of threadbare arguments and the unending donkey-work of the gutter and the pavement

– done, it began to seem, primarily to preserve the prestige of leaders who had less idea of the meaning of radical emancipation (for which birth control, freedom of the body and suppleness of mind were at least as important as the vote) than Herbert, let alone Margot, Asquith.

Rebecca West, who as a 14-year-old schoolgirl had sported a Votes for Women button and later had been proud to walk behind Christabel in suffrage processions, proclaimed her disenchantment in a series of mordant pieces in the *Daily Herald*, the *Clarion* and the *Freewoman*. She too, after likening the Prime Minister to Jack the Ripper and 'a hefty Machiavelli', had tired of Asquith-baiting. By 1913 she had broken with the 'timid conservatism' of the WSPU, whose guerrilla antics could at best, she wrote, be regarded as 'legitimate tantrums'. Why not rouse underpaid women teachers, nurses, librarians, typists, shop assistants and factory workers to use their strike power? A 'revolutionary' movement which sent ex-mill girls to convert Anglo-Indian colonels in Cheltenham or Bath (Annie Kenney's role as West of England organiser) had gone tragi-comically astray, and Christabel's Moral Crusade was a grotesque gaffe: 'As one completely ignorant young woman to another, I say that her remarks on the subject [VD] are valueless and likely to discredit the Cause.' It was 'a matter for scalding tears' that women's hard-earned liberty should be employed 'to express views that would be old-fashioned and uncharitable in the pastor of a Little Bethel'.

Alas, such criticisms do not figure in the avowedly partisan pictorial 'documentaries' of Midge Mackenzie and Antonia Raeburn. Both were involved, one as 'deviser', the other as 'consultant', in the *Shoulder to Shoulder* TV series, and theirs are essentially spin-off confections. Ms Raeburn's slim and smudgily reproduced compilation has a few interesting new photographs: but £4.25 is a lot to pay for that, a tiny and perfunctory text, and a jaunty-avuncular foreword by Malcolm Muggeridge. In sheer bulk and handsome if somewhat trendy lay-out Midge Mackenzie's anthology is better value. But though she claims to have done extensive research, it hardly shows. For the most part she clings, starry-eyed, to the old Pankhurst-Pethick Lawrence-Annie Kenney-Constance Lytton standards.

Her dubious assertion that 'the contest [for full emancipation] is taking place in a historical vacuum' could be more justly applied to the WSPU house magazines which she and Antonia Raeburn tender as the Truth. The Pankhursts' wholesale imitation of tactics learned during

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their membership of the ILP is barely touched upon: nor is Christabel's pet calculation that if the Tories could be helped back to office they might dish the Liberals by awarding a strictly limited franchise to women. No credit is given to Mrs Despard and the Women's Freedom League for pioneering tax and census resistance and being more ingenious than the WSPU in devising acts of symbolic protest. There is no recognition that the government's dilemma was a real one, partly because it *was* Liberal and therefore unable to behave (in the words of slogan-yelling suffragettes in 1914) 'like a Russian Tsar'; no realisation that the parrot-cries about 'man-made laws' came to resemble (for instance) the Baader-Meinhof gangsters' dismissal of guilt-ridden democratic justice as 'juridical cretinism'.

There is no indication, either, that the wild Hun-hatred preached by Emmeline and Christabel during the war helped to make it possible for Olive Schreiner, probably the most inspired feminist of her time, to be hounded from hotels in London (a pacifist with a German name!). But possibly the most glaring omission in a dual display of almost sublime naïveté is the apparent failure of Mss Mackenzie and Raeburn to suspect that the government, which after all was not without intelligence in both senses of the word, may have welcomed and systematically incited WSPU militancy as a useful diversion and a handy excuse for postponing votes for women. Small wonder that not only Mrs Fawcett and her followers but the Pethick-Lawrences and theirs were aghast at the persistence of tantrums which began to look not so much legitimate as manipulated.

In the end, however, one comes back to Dora Marsden's point that the New Woman, as embodied by Emmeline (a late-Victorian Mary Whitehouse) and Christabel (an Edwardian Barbara Castle who blossomed, or withered, into a Georgian Margaret Thatcher), was so frighteningly unliberated. The Pankhursts' motto, Daring Rectitude, exactly defines their public persona as well as the WSPU's basic appeal to 'respectable' subscribers. In 1910 the aged Theodore Watts Dunton replied to an appeal from Evelyn Sharp, one of the WSPU's busiest cultural ambassadors, to support the Cause. In his youth, he said, he had been 'convinced of the equality of rights of man and woman', but he had not then been aware of 'the vast solid mass of femininity in British Philistia, the great stronghold of all that is reactionary'. This 'cohort of the night', he concluded, made him 'tremble to trust woman with the power to which she has an indubitable claim'.

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID MITCHELL is the author of *Women on the Warpath, The Fighting Pankhursts* and *1919 Red Mirage*; he is currently working on a biography of Christabel Pankhurst.

NORMAN HAMPSON is the author of *The Life and Opinions of Maximilien Robespierre*, published in 1974.

JOHN GRIFFITH is Professor of Public Law at the LSE and author of *Principles of Administrative Law.*

Hugh Richardson

Thoroughly Modern Movement

Goodbye, Britain? by TONY ALDOUS
Sidgwick & Jackson £4.50

Goodbye, Britain? is by an ex-environment correspondent of *The Times*, and is an argosy of nasty tales. It deals with historic towns, unhistoric towns, pylons, Dutch Elm disease, quarrying, forestry, urban sprawl in villages, recreational planning, oil rig construction, caravan sites and motorways. It is sensible, clear, useful and dull. Not that this is the author's fault, however, since he is not a dull writer, nor is his subject a dull one. But in being obliged to present so many cases he is denied the space to explain them. Some of the phenomena he describes are well-established horrors: pylons and caravans were engaged by Ian Nairn back in *Outrage* days; recreational planning has long been called for by those who expect solitude; urban sprawl has actually declined. But many are new, conspicuous among them the destruction of historic towns, and for this a great many social and economic explanations have been advanced, all of them totally convincing. Yet, though it's a commonly acknowledged evil, historic towns continue to be eroded.

Perhaps such explanations fall short. Why does a phenomenon which gestates in a boom, flourishes in a slump, and which neither accelerates nor decelerates in a crisis, assume precisely the same appearance throughout? Suppose instead that it is a cultural phenomenon. However villainous clients may be, no one is in a better position to influence them than architects, and architects, believe it or not, are artists, and as such are exposed to influences which may have little or no connection with social or economic trends.

Take intrinsic obsolescence, an idea without which many people would go short of a reason to pull their house down. It has always been a romantic notion to imagine that buildings, any more than clothes, were designed 'for eternity'. The human mind has had enough difficulty comprehending terrestrial infinity, let alone the infinity of artefacts. But it is surely true that buildings were designed for a much longer life than we now give them, and this life was brought to an end only by neglect or by a change in fashion. In reality this still holds good today, yet we are told that a building has a 'useful life' whose end can be objectively

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determined, a bogus objectivity substituted for an honest whim. The idea of a finite period of usefulness, far from being objective, is a contemporary attitude of mind. Just as we no longer darn our linen or re-sole our shoes, from time to time we pull our houses down. But it is not an attitude of mind that was shared by the designers of these houses, nor indeed by anyone much before the second world war. If a house is roofless it is not strictly obsolete, simply expensive to repair, and it is more honest to say so than to invent a fiction about it reaching the end of 'its period of usefulness'.

Yet this attitude is omnipresent. Most people assume that Britain's towns have suffered from a surfeit of rebuilding, but would not have suffered had they been rebuilt under controlled conditions. Few people ask why they had to be rebuilt at all. Even Tony Aldous, otherwise so level-headed, can talk of a town being 'starved of development', as if development, like food, were necessary, but had to be administered with caution. Even the Historic Buildings Council, who regularly give demolition consent for an unjustifiably high proportion of listed buildings, must believe in their expendability. The chairman of their Listed Buildings Committee, Sir John Summerson, is a veteran of the Modern Movement, whose theoretical works constantly proclaim its absolute superiority over the architecture of the past. Presumably Sir John believes that his duty as a historian is fulfilled if the buildings to whose destruction he consents are adequately recorded beforehand. Their existence matters less than that they should make room for the ongoing history of the Modern Movement.

Indeed early Modern Movement theory reveals several of the features which have contributed to the barrenness of modern British towns. The barrenness itself is a touch of the forelock to Adolf Loos, who seriously believed that the desire to ornament was clinically indicative of social deviationism. The windy piazzas and pathological inability of modern architects to adhere to the street line are genuflections to the mystical cult of Space, visualised not as the absence of mass, but as something capable of flowing, penetrating, constructing, even confining. Siegfried Giedion, whose books are still regarded as essential reading for architectural students, believed that modern architecture had discovered multi-dimensional space. This discovery had been preceded by the discovery of three-dimensional space in the Baroque period, before which poor old Renaissance man had struggled along under the delusion that space was two-dimensional. And before that? You have it. Ancient man conceived space one-dimensionally.

The motor car features heavily in the writings of this generation but, note, never as a useful and pragmatic social tool, always as a source of high drama – which is certainly to be found slaloming around Newcastle's high-rises on the urban motorway's thrilling descent to the Tyne, especially at night, and when drunk. The first to describe such drama was Marinetti. Lest anyone forget, Marinetti, who held ideas ranging from the merely perverse to the manically anti-social, also recommended war as a form of national release and as a social tonic.

The Modern Movernment is officially pronounced dead, but many of its assumptions survive, among them that of expendability, the embargo upon ornament, the concessions to the motor car, and the hocus-pocus about space. Today's architectural teachers, while aware of much of the *fin de siècle* crankery about classic Modern architecture, are still beguiled by the Masters' utterings. Few of these utterings cover social responsibility. Almost all of them rate creativity higher. Most artists measure their creativity by its lack of indebtedness to anyone else's. The architect is inclined to suspect that he is less of an artist if he does what is asked of him by client or planner, or if his ability to be creative is limited by the work of another artist. At this moment a group of provenly creative architects are protesting at Mr Crosland's decision not to allow a listed building in Queensgate to be pulled down for the Royal College of Art extension. They argue, possibly rightly, that the listed building would have been replaced by something better. But in view of the number of empty sites available (one of them only two hundred yards from the Royal College) this seems to be asking for a lot. No painter would insist on using a painting by someone else for his own canvas.

In view of such assumptions I see less reason than Tony Aldous does to believe the tide has turned for Britain's towns. The number of applications for Listed Building Consent increases, of which 423 were granted during the first six months of 1975, as against 276 throughout the whole of 1974. In addition a great many of the buildings which are demolished are not listed and ought to be. Next week Oxford City Council will begin to uproot all the Victorian lamp posts (of a design familiar to millions of Oxonians who have not even stepped inside the Cathedral) and replace them with pseudo-Victorian replicas. No doubt they need to spend enough this financial year to maintain their grant demand for the next. But why lamp posts? Probably as an act of faith.

NEW PEREGRINES

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James Simmons

The Dangers of Communication

Pursuing my career up Woodhouse Lane,
my soul adjusting, say, from poetry
to cultural reform, I am broken in upon.
Hoisting the dead weight of his body, hell
bent on metal crutches, a middle-class cripple
with a clean suit and eyes screwed up
behind thick lenses, boards my pavement.

He impudently whistles human sounds
asserting kinship with my kind, escaping
the undertow of sinking things, the ragged
bundles of bad luck that blight clean streets.
Communication is dangerous, the delicate mind
can suffer strain even imagining.
I may not walk so buoyantly again.

Let politicians chant their spells
and legislate towards unfortunates.
Turn welfare on, let specialists perhaps
approach them in protective clothing;
but leave no stone unturned to stop the intrusion
of pain and death. I am deeply concerned
to cure unpleasant expressions and bad breath.

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John Griffith

Grass Routes

Reluctant Judas: the Life and Death of the Special Branch Informer, Kenneth Lennon by GEOFF ROBERTSON *Temple Smith* £4.25 and £2.25

In the ordinary way, the discovery of a dead Irishman, shot three times through the head in a Surrey ditch, especially when he was known to have been associated with Sinn Feiners and probably the IRA, would not have caused overmuch concern. But Kenneth Lennon had three days before told the story of the last year of his life to the NCCL's solicitor. And that involved many people, including the Special Branch.

On 2 January 1974 Lennon and Pat O'Brien were arrested outside Winson Green prison in Birmingham where O'Brien was taking a photograph of the prison walls with some idea of helping a friend of his (one of the Luton Three, Sinn Feiners all) to escape. O'Brien did not know that Lennon, who had set up the Luton Three, was now in the process of setting him up. After three months in custody, the trial of Lennon and O'Brien resulted on 8 April 1974 in three years' imprisonment for O'Brien and in an acquittal for Lennon.

For Lennon's trial the Special Branch explained things to the Director of Public Prosecutions, who explained things to prosecuting counsel, who explained things to the judge and jury. We know that the Special Branch told the DPP that Lennon was an informer who had given useful information to the Special Branch. And we know that the DPP expressed 'complete understanding of the situation'. But how much did the Special Branch tell the DPP and did the DPP tell prosecuting counsel all the DPP knew?

One central and overwhelming fact the judge and jury did not know (because the Special Branch and the DPP decided not to tell them) was that Lennon was a police agent. Another fact they did not know was that Lennon was directly implicated with O'Brien. Indeed it is not clear whether the Special Branch told the DPP this.

At the trial, prosecuting counsel told the court that the defendants were both men of good character. ('This statement raised the eyebrows of Lennon's lawyers who knew that their client had previous convictions.') O'Brien, he said, must have been in cahoots with others but whether one of them was Lennon was a more difficult question because Lennon had no known political involvements. (At this, Lennon's counsel 'looked at his instructing solicitor in amazement'.) If Lennon found out what O'Brien was up to only in the course of the trip to Winson Green prison, said prosecuting counsel, it would not be fair to convict him. It was also said in court that no political literature had been found during a search of Lennon's home – which the DPP subsequently admitted to be untrue – whereas such literature had been found at O'Brien's. Police evidence was also given that Lennon had answered questions freely and frankly. Put simply, this means that certainly the Special Branch and possibly (to a less extent) the DPP conspired to withhold vital information from the court, with the result that the proceedings were conducted on fundamentally false assumptions.

All this and much more Mr Robertson retails with great clarity and insight. His main thesis is that the Special Branch wanted not so much to protect Lennon as to preserve his future usefulness, and thought this could best be achieved by an acquittal in the circumstances and in the manner which did in fact eventuate. Mr Robertson clearly believes that Lennon and O'Brien should not have been charged or their charges should have been withdrawn. Had this been done, Lennon might have lived.

After Lennon's death the Home Secretary ordered an inquiry to be conducted by Deputy Commissioner Starritt. He reported in *eight days*, having talked to no one but a few senior police officers. On 2 May the Home Secretary said that on the basis of the evidence presented to him there were no grounds for a further investigation into the actions of any of the police officers involved. I cannot fairly summarise Mr Robertson's dissection of the Starritt report. You must read it for yourself. It seemed to me at the time to have been an investigation evasive on many critical questions to the point of arrogance. Mr Robertson's account confirms my view.

For these and many other reasons this book should be read by everyone who is not altogether happy with the words of Mr Alex Lyon, Minister of State for the Home Office:

> The only reason we have a Special Branch is because there are real threats to the security of the state and it would be wrong in seeking to control the way in which they exercise police powers to inhibit in any way their activities in defending state security.

Christopher Hitchens

Pushy

The Collapse of Democracy by ROBERT MOSS *Temple Smith* £4.95

One of Gladstone's advisers on colonial history told him that

> when the Roman eagles retreated across the Danube, it was not the loss of Dacia, but the satisfaction of the Roman people at the loss, that was the omen of the empire's fall.

In recent years there has been a revival of the tough-minded Right, some of them concerned with inflation, some concerned with morality and some with external security, to warn us that we are the potential authors of our own destruction. Robert Moss has attempted a synthesis of all three strands, and followed his previous book extolling the fall of Allende with a more thorough exposition of counter-revolutionary views. *The Collapse of Democracy* is his attempt to find what William James might have called a moral equivalent of Marxism, and to identify those within and without the citadel who are working to urge the decline of the West into a gallop.

He succeeds much better in the second project than the first. Though the book is not a tract about conspiracy or an appeal for dubious moral rearmament. it is based on the belief that the enemy is more cynical, cunning and patient than his prey. He soon makes the mistake of assuming that every event is related to his central theme: that allegations of CIA malfeasance are designed to distract attention from the KGB for instance, or that the Portuguese revolution is a putsch on the lines of 1948 except if you 'take away the conditions that were unique to Czechoslovakia – the role of the Red Army, the border with Russia'. As Hemingway remarked in another connection (and for that matter in another war for Western civilisation), if your aunt had *cojones* . . . But there are some useful distinctions made and the one between authoritarian (despotic but apolitical) and totalitarian (tyrannical, hermetic with a compulsory ideology) is the best. It is used to illustrate – and the influence of Brian Crozier is very traceable here – the difference between a collectivist dictatorship which lasts for ever, and the emergency gambits to which an 'open' society may have to resort in self-defence. How helpful is his distinction when this use is made of it? Is Iran, for instance,

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authoritarian or totalitarian? Do 'free world' dictatorships like Chile or (latterly) Greece really have as their object the defeat of expansionist Russia or are they merely hi-jacks by gangs of philistine and privileged oligarchs?

Mr Moss is very unconvincing indeed about Chile; he attempts to minimise American involvement just at a time when all the latest evidence suggests it was larger even than we thought. In doing so, he makes the same mistake as his earlier one, of assuming that *cui bono?* is the right question to ask. This method of proceeding, which is mainly contingent when he is arguing about concrete cases, becomes central to his thesis on democracy. He is not sure whether our tolerance and openness are a good thing or not, because they give handles to the enemy (has he noticed how both are declining anyway?). At one point he quotes Milton Friedman approvingly to remind us that McCarthy's victims were still able to find jobs and publishers, whereas dissidents in Eastern Europe cannot. In another related section he rails against the ease with which leftists in Britain can get into teaching or the BBC. Which does he mean? Until he comes clean, he can't expect to sell much of the 'civilised intolerance' which he proposes as a prophylactic. Milton Friedman's economic nostrums are followed more or less enthusiastically in the new Chile after all, and dissidents there are more concerned with preserving their lives than their jobs. So the Hayekian equation which Mr Moss makes between market economics and political democracy is good propaganda but bad analysis: like its naïve opposite equation between state ownership and social justice, it depends on surrounding conditions and histories which are out of the control of intellectuals.

Still, as a critique of the narrow vision which flourishes under welfare social democracy, the book is a good provocative read. It is a pity that trade unions never appear as anything but a cross between protection rackets and Anglo-Soviet friendship societies, because this fails to explain why so many people continue to identify their own interests with Labourism. And judging by his glossary he has read more than enough revolutionary literature to know that Herbert Marcuse is *not* 'the doyen of the New Left'. At points such as these the book is almost paranoiac about the penetration of the barbarians – like Evelyn Waugh describing the 1945 Labour government as giving him the sensation of living in an occupied country.

This will be a standard text of the New Right for a long time. But it whets the appetite rather than satisfies it. The central issue of democracy remains unresolved – is it a liability to the West in the great *Kulturkampf* or not? Moss hints at this but does not follow through. Since he delights in citing Hitler as a key collectivist thinker, it might not be unfair to quote an extract of *Mein Kampf* back at him:

> Democracy, as practised in Western Europe today, is the forerunner of Marxism. The latter would not be possible without the former. Democracy is the breeding ground in which the bacilli of the Marxist world pest can grow and spread.

In the past few weeks there have been demands to put the CIA back on a war footing lest Western Europe step out of line, to hoist the flag above the oil-wells of the Arab East, and to use American food resources to bully the hungry and stubborn Third World in the next quarter of our century. And all because the United States backed the wrong side in Portuguese Africa for so long. Is our democracy really collapsing or is it going to need a 'civilised' push?

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Norman Hampson

L'histoire, c'est moi

A Sense of Place and **Tour de France** by RICHARD COBB *Duckworth* £4.95 and £6.95

The inimitable Richard Cobb has always been a prolific writer and he seems now to have taken to publishing two books at a time. *Tour de France* consists mainly of reprinted material – chiefly book reviews – although the preamble offers his readers a view of life in his pied-à-terre in Paris as bizarre as any of his other autobiographical fragments that have yet appeared. The reviews deal chiefly with books on French history and they are something of a *tour de force* as well as a *tour de France*. He is often outrageous and loves to caricature trends, movements and anyone who substitutes abstractions for people; he has his violent dislikes and enjoys letting them off the leash. He must have offended any number of solemn scholars who see the men of the past as monuments, and annoyed less stuffy historians too, for he can be unfair. But he almost always brings a new insight into his subject and he is at his best when his generous sympathy warms to a book and its author. Many historians must regret that they could not read his reviews before they had written their books, to understand what they were really trying to say.

A Sense of Place is a new book, although its pattern is so familiar that it might be described as basic Cobb. It consists of three substantial essays, one autobiographical, the second on a particularly sordid murder in Belgium in 1809 and the third on sex, or at least on paternity suits filed by girls in Lyons in the early years of the French Revolution.

> Birth, and copulation, and death.
> That's all the facts when you come to
> brass tacks.

Eliot's Doris thought she'd be bored and Cobb's readers may well feel that she had a point, as they plough through the endless depositions of the *filles-mères* of Lyons or the list of farms and fields visited by a youthful Cobb in his unexpected role of long-distance runner. There is certainly some self-indulgence in this recapitulation of evidence – the historian as miser, lovingly fingering each coin in turn – even if the story is all in the text this time and does not have to be chased through footnotes and appendices.

The Belgian murder, of an innkeeper and his wife, by three men discharged from the Dutch army, begins like something by Balzac, but will disappoint those out for analysis of character, dissection of motive, or even a good bit of detective work. It is all terribly banal and Cobb's preoccupation with people in their social and geographical context yields predictable results: one would expect to find more drunken sailors in Liverpool than in Leeds and the amorous escapades of commercial travellers are scarcely news. *A Sense of Place* seems also, at first sight, curiously lacking in a sense of time: the murder and the pregnancies could all have happened a century earlier or later and Cobb's Shrewsbury had presumably not changed much over the previous fifty years.

Perhaps that is the point, the comfort he finds in *'la longue durée*, time past, the assurance of a future succession of months and years'. When the reader is beginning to

Geoffrey Grigson

Funeral

I dreamt you were dead and your grace
Now was gone for ever,
And I was not there to love you,
Nor was your lover.

I sent a cable to your handsome
Feckless old father.
I could not remember the name
Or address of your lover.

There was no sign around of
Your husband either. So in me
I buried you, in a corner, and
There was no other mourner.

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think that the 'affaire Perken' and the Lyonnais pregnancies are rather a bore, the old magic is brought suddenly into play. At the end of each essay Cobb teaches the reader a useful lesson in humility by showing him all that he has missed. It is like taking a walk with a naturalist and being told at the end of it of all the fauna and flora that one failed to notice. This 'brief vision of a shared experience' really is vision: into the blinkered world of the Dutch deserters or the gregarious intimacy of working-class Lyons. This is Cobb at his best and there is no one who can compare with him when it comes to making dead bones live. One feels the inner compulsion behind this *recherche du temps perdu*, the urge of Keats to *become* the nightingale or the Grecian urn.

This is history as no one else writes it and it carries instant conviction in a way that the social history of classes and class-consciousness so rarely does. One sees why the autobiographical overture that we have come to expect as part of any book of Cobb's is now part of the text itself. He no longer distinguishes between his own past and that of the others he becomes. Shrewsbury, Lyons and the inn amongst the dykes are all the same to him and to us. To the chronicler of kings and the seeker after significant movements, perhaps none of them is very important. To Cobb they are not so much important as necessary, all the more so because of their timeless banality. He is not writing history in any conventional sense of the word but he is showing historians – and anyone interested in history – how to re-live it. Most of his subjects are eminently forgettable and he himself sees them as witnesses to something rather than as individuals, as rungs on a ladder leading downwards into time. To go down with him is a rare experience.

Julian Barnes

Porn Free

Les Onze Mille Verges by GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE translated by Nina Rootes *Peter Owen* £4.75

Morrow's Ants by EDWARD HYAMS *Allen Lane* £3.95

Bird of Passage by MAI ZETTERLING *Cape* £2.50

Jacob the Liar by JUREK BECKER translated by Melvin Kornfeld *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich* £4.15

Apollinaire's celebrated erotic novel arrives at last in English translation, a fitting soixante-neuf years after its composition. The title is a double pun, on *vierge* (after the followers of St Ursula) and the two senses of *verge*: penis, and also rod, the instrument with which Apollinaire's hero, Prince Mony Vibescu, is beaten to death by the 1,000-strong Japanese army after the battle of Mukden. The rest of the work, priapists will be relieved to hear, is rarely as ambiguous or referential as this. True, there's a Symbolist poem stuck in, and a Corneille parody, and a bit of razor-work on a couple of obscure poets; but mostly it's an honest, spirited porn-job full of couplings and triplings, and lashings of lashings. Apollinaire was clearly content with the well-known formulae: cocks are like Norwegian pines, boobs like tennis-balls, and nipples are compared three times to strawberries (once to bees – but here the nipples are Nipponese). Occasionally the simile is fresh – female pubic hair like 'the tip of an artist's brush when it is wet'; and preliminary sketches for later ideas can sometimes be discerned: thus the prosaic 'Her breasts . . . arose as round as cannon-balls' is later reversed and reworked in *Calligrammes* into 'Deux fusants/Rose éclatement/Comme deux seins que l'on dégrafe/Tendent leurs bouts insolemment'.

The present edition has some of the more extreme acts of violence cut. And since Apollinaire is now officially a Great Writer, there is a heavy introduction by Richard Coe, full of Barthesian chic: thus, the book displays 'an extreme disparity of structure' which, boiled down, means that the author actually did very few of the things he describes; while a thematic progression is detected in which sexuality is transformed from 'The Dream' into 'a preview of that unprecedented mixture of personal sadism and political violence which characterises our time'. More likely, Apollinaire is merely following the first law of pornodynamics – that of diminishing returns.

Sad that this is Edward Hyams's last book: his fantasy about our regimented future does not merely extend and then criticise the present condition of communism or capitalism. Instead, the attitudes of both are conflated: as Gustav Evans, the shagged-out anarchist hero, puts it to Graham Morrow, the antophile corporation boss: 'You're a Marxist, of course, like all the new capitalists.' The central problems of technocratic society are the maintenance of social order and the reduction of the notion of individual personality. Morrow's solution is to build vast subterranean hives which gradually (since 'environment determines consciousness') will condition a race of loyal, passionless non-individuals oblivious to concepts of family, money, or creativity. The congruence between ant-society and our own is ingeniously supported by Trotsky, Hegel, and Canetti, not to mention Hyams's own gardening expertise; and a sneaking case is put for the advantages of corporate personality. As often occurs with future-fantasies, the exposition works best, and Hyams is engagingly discursive on matters ranging from the effect of population density on specific freedoms to the narrowness of our vocabulary for smells. Once the central ideas are established, the novel turns into a slightly lethargic assassination-thriller, a battle between the hives and the hive-nots, which involves an arbitrary bit of high-life cruising in the Greek islands, and a small but crucial error about the law of trespass. But even the routine moments are brightened by odd ideas or settings: the final shoot-out, for instance, takes place in a Michael Ayrton maze.

The modishly nameless narratrice of *Bird of Passage* has a modishly sweaty time of things. Deceived by her Swedish pastor-husband, guilty over the death of her baby, discharged speculatively by a mental hospital, she cruises aimlessly round Spain in a Volkswagen filled with blankets and enough money for the book to avoid banal practicalities. Highlights include a few paranoid days at Madrid airport, and enforced fellatio on a pore-clogged Jensen driver. What saves her from final disintegration is the discovery of an emotional analogue, a maltreated schoolboy 'reminding me of an El Greco painting' with whom she begins an intense non-verbal relationship. Mai Zetterling's approach is much given to the sudden close-up, the amplified noise (water dripping from an aspidistra onto a parquet floor), and the piquant, briefly-glimpsed tableau. Often it seems Swedishly gratuitous; though of course, if you've got a loony heroine with deranged sense-perception, that's a pretty safe long-stop.

Jacob the Liar has more straightforward cinematic connections: as a screenplay, it won the Silver Bear for East Germany at the Berlin film festival in 1974. A deliberately underplayed, even gentle piece of 'holocaust literature', it concerns an ageing Jewish café proprietor in a Polish ghetto who accidentally overhears news of the Russian advance over the German radio. The rumour spreads that Jacob himself owns a contraband wireless, and he is compelled to issue bogus news bulletins to satisfy public expectations. Some of the humour survives in translation; even if the determination to refer to horrors only obliquely sometimes makes ghetto life seem a cakewalk.

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Television

Eric Korn

Glittering Pistons

Not everybody in the class of the Fifties won prizes. The hero of Robin Chapman's *Grease Monkey* (Centre Play, BBC-2) lost girl, job, prospects, hope and, for a time, sanity. Peter Armitage mimed the part of a superannuated rocker restoring a 1955 Matchless Twin 500 which, incidentally, stripped down faster than anything on two wheels since Marianne Faithful. While he struggles with stubborn gudgeon pins, the songs, composed and in part sung by Julian Evans, tell his history. The music was plangent, repetitive, sturdily pre-psychedelia; loin rock without the symptoms of soft shankar. The lyrics (astoundingly audible) were by turns pleasantly maudlin ('there ain't no way/to reassemble yesterday'), phallic ('with a rotary motion you gently withdraw/the circlip from its seating') and self-deprecatory ('nostalgia . . . is your curse/it only makes your maladjustment worse'). Touchingly, Peter Armitage puts on glasses to repaint the insignia; clearly he's failed his personal MOT but has found his own way and a kind of sentimental triumph. The refurbished machine obediently starts second kick (I wish I'd had a closer look at just what he did to the piston-rings) and he rides off into the past on his private bike, to where The Wild Ones are. (It's a rare relief to see a character mount a motorcycle and not end up in a heap with Peter Fonda and T. E. Lawrence). If it had been longer, it might have become twee or tiresome, but producer Frank Hatherley filled the half hour imaginatively and entertainingly. Too modest for the big screen, too intimate for the stage, it was a genuine TV musical.

This week's *Shades of Greene* (Thames) also used the medium effectively, with a diversity of colour and texture; Susan Penhaligon in *Mortmain* sprawled on a goosefleshed lunar beach, or was jammed against bare monochrome walls. Eleanor Bron was suitably bloodcurdling as the discarded mistress who wrecks a marriage by her unselfish, intimate little gestures. In *Alas! Poor Maling* John Bird had little to do except look aghast as his belly rumbled through Köchel 311, but the anecdote was convincingly told.

Horizon's *The Incredible Machine* (BBC-2), a package tour of human anatomy and physiology displayed through bronchoscopes, X-rays, scanning microscopes, heat-sensitive film and, for all I know, tiny Japanese camera crews stuffed up a nostril, was a slight disappointment, partly because of an insipid and pedagogic commentary, which pointed out that the skin, though superficial, did serve to keep your insides from falling out, a certain coyness (the alimentary canal does not end at the colon) and distracting changes of scale to which the eye adjusts too slowly on the small screen. The one indisputable fact about the televised image is that it is in your house, and the lecture-hall manner should be modified. But there were endless fascinations: the bronchial tree like Spanish moss, a tricuspid valve gobbling like a perorating dictator, a cough bellying through the vocal cords, and a bespectacled skull playing the trumpet. But the body is not a machine, incredible or otherwise, an error of understanding that would have aroused the late Jacob Bronowski, whose interview with Michael Parkinson, recorded just before his death, was broadcast in full on BBC-1. It was a lovely and humane testament, though the two minds intersected only at a point, like a tortoise interviewing a balloon. Parkinson would stick his neck out and give a gentle prod, and Bronowski would soar away. When he considered the question fatuous, he would praise the uncomplaining Parkinson for his penetration, and transform it into something he wanted to talk about.

Melvyn Bragg (*Read All About It*, BBC-1) is more masterful with his guests, frequently decorative ladies talking about impossible books. But what is the point of inviting Kingsley Amis along, if he is to be silenced every time he starts a denunciation? Either let him have his say or leave him at home. One of his aborted remarks was that whenever television pictures or discusses a possible coup, it is always a right-wing one. He cannot have seen Lord Chalfont's Hammer-and-Sickle Films creepie, *Who Says It Could Never Happen Here?* (Anglia).

We zoomed in on Old Granite Head in Highgate Cemetery, being worshipped by a crowd of uniform Chinese – sinister enough in all conscience. Lord Chalfont began to read Marx, but was soon faded out and replaced by a more menacing un-English voice. As the dread words were intoned, the relevant page of the Communist Manifesto was displayed on the screen – in a quite different text. It was characteristic of the programme's intellectual honesty and attention to detail. Marx's steps towards revolution were taken as providing a ten-point scale of Red rule, the delicate distinction between necessary and sufficient conditions being passed over. Various thinkers, such as Roger Protz for the subversives and Rhodes Boyson for right-minded Englishmen, were interviewed, and their remarks chopped into convenient lengths and inserted into more-or-less appropriate slots. The technique is to follow a rhetorical question like 'how soon will all rich men be hanging from lamp posts?' with a shot of, say, Bert Ramelson, remarking 'we are making considerable progress towards our objective'. No one has actually been traduced, and a delightful shudder can be had by all. At totting-up time, we found that five of the ten conditions had been fulfilled (fulfilment including pious hope or ineffective or projected legislation), and so we were half-way to the dictatorship of the proletariat. Over half-way, said Lord Chalfont, apparently assigning half a point to one clause he said he didn't understand.

By the same token, using the Decalogue as yardstick, I reckon we are 80 per cent of the way to the Kingdom of Heaven. Lord Chalfont believes that the Community Land Act is equivalent to state ownership of all land, and Dr Rhodes Boyson that communists are watering down school curricula because these mad egalitarians can't bear to see one person knowing more than another.

BBC-1's Play of the Month gallantly tackled *Trilby* but despite valiant performances by Sinead Cusack, Alan Badel as Svengali and Stuart Fox as the lovelorn Billee – 'oo is, 'ow you say, ze nebbich' – the results were dire. It's a monument of *gaité Parisienne*, but period piffle is still piffle. A sense of period brings me reluctantly to *The Glittering Prizes* (BBC-2) which had a lot, but not that. It was rich in date tags: these serve to identify, not elucidate, a time, no more than a boy holding a sign saying 'A wood near Athens' provides local colour. I have (thankfully, cunningly) no space to do more than denounce the misleading advance publicity, which had the tone of an invitation to an exclusive party which (a) had already taken place, (b) wasn't for the likes of you anyway.

Dennis Potter will resume his television column next week

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Couples

Funny Peculiar *Mermaid*
I Do, I Do *Phoenix*

Mike Stott is rapidly becoming the stage's leading propagandist for Dionysus, or so an unwary observer might conclude. I myself have mixed memories of his *Other People*, which confronted a drab suburban couple with some blithe sex-athletes who had, so they assured us, met in a lift and promptly enjoyed an orgasm *à trois* as their bodies zoomed skywards. The main character, I recall, declared that making love to someone else's wife while blindfolded and handcuffed was 'the nearest thing to a religious experience I've ever had'; and it seemed we were meant to believe him. Yet there was something in the writing, if not in the production, that belied the superficial naïveté and checked accusations of glibness: a hint of scepticism and satire, a nodding recognition that, at any rate for most people, sexual relationships aren't as simple and cheerfully gooey as stuffing someone else's mouth with cream-buns. So it is, too, with Mr Stott's better and more amusing *Funny Peculiar*, which

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takes us on an anthropological expedition into the Brontë country, to study the sexual mores of *homo puritannicus*, *homo frustratus*, *homo liberatus*, and several other local homos, including a vicar hounded by the West-Riding righteous for cavorting in the buff with a certain Mr Pickering.

It is by writing a letter of support to this distraught cleric that our protagonist first declares his moral hand. He is Trevor Tinsley, a young grocer in verbal, and eventually physical, rebellion against the starchiness he finds both in the parish around him and in bed at home. After a frolic on the hearthrug with the glad-eyed love-goddess round the corner, he falls out with his wife, and then down his cellar steps, landing up in hospital cocooned in plaster and visited by a most surprising trio. This consists of Irene, Shirley and Eric – wife, mistress and mistress's husband respectively – who have reached what one might mildly call an understanding during his indisposition. In fact, they've been enjoying vivacious grope-ins and galactic orgasms *à trois*, just like the sexual sky-pilots of *Other People*. When he is mended, he must join them in a commune; puritanism has evidently been routed out of the grocery store. It has been routed elsewhere, too, if we're to judge by the village's mingiest, prissiest, most prurient gossip, who confesses her inadequacies and makes a bold play for Trevor's body. Altogether, it is a most gratifying conclusion for those who believe that the sexual revolutionaries have only to sound a blast on their vibrators for the walls to fall, the sexual reactionaries to capitulate, and all the carnal joys to replace the hot-water-bottle in your average British bed.

Yet one doesn't leave the play with as strong an impression of sentimental fatuity as this bald summary might suggest. Partly, this is because Mr Stott has concocted some very funny scenes, notably a slithering, somersaulting, pie-in-the-eye rampage involving the grocer and an outraged baker; and one can forgive a man much if he makes you laugh. Partly, it is because there are several nice, unaffected performances, including Richard Beckinsale's mop-headed Trevor, pedantic and a bit prim beneath that loudly-advertised permissiveness, and Julie Walters's Irene, all baffled glances and bleak lost stares until her sudden and improbable conversion to swinger. But it may also be because there's a second, subtler play behind the artless and ingenuous homage to Eros. Note the frequency with which disease crops up as a subject of conversation and, indeed, note the battered and fragmented condition of the hero at the play's end. Note, too, the number of times we see Stanley, an amiable village loon eventually doomed to spend his adult life in an institution where, so we're told, sex is strictly forbidden. The boy's banishment isn't emphasised by Alan Dossor's direction. It is mentioned only passingly by the three gleeful sensualists as they hover over Trevor's sickbed. But isn't this a way of gently pointing out their self-absorption and self-indulgence? Isn't there something irresponsible and even callous about people who think of the human body solely as a means to their own ecstasy, and never for a moment as the painful dead-end others know it to be? I would like to believe that Mr Stott agreed with this judgment, because it makes *Funny Peculiar* a less flip play; but I wish he had been firmer and more definite about it.

Rather Dionysus at his wildest and Mr Stott at his woolliest than the kind of marriage celebrated in *I Do, I Do*. This is a musical version, complete with expensive imports from the dollar area, of Hartog's *Four-Poster*, which puts a man and woman through what, by the end, we quite believe to have been 50 years of domestic trial and error. It's all so predictable: Juliet Prowse, a bashful and eager bride, then a weary mother and resentful wife; Rock Hudson, a bouncing groom, considerate husband, and then a smug man of affairs, in both senses. The author might be a computer programmed with the LCD of every upper-middle-class marriage from Grand Central to East 80th Street. We see the expected squabbles, the expected reconciliations, the expected attitudes to the expected children, the expected decline into serenity, and the expected moral, that 'marriage is a very good thing, though it's far from easy'. Tom Jones's lyrics are at best simple, at worst wet, and Harvey Schmidt's music has a vague, ambling quality, as if it was suffering from amnesia. Miss Prowse contributes what wit and vitality she can; but there's always something waxen and anthropoid about Mr Hudson, however valiantly he tries to imitate a human being. The evening is most endurable when the two have their genteel daggers out: otherwise, and there's a lot of otherwise, it is like being slowly chewed by very clean teeth.

Films

John Coleman

Bread Pudding

Hustle *Empire*

With *Hustle*, Robert Aldrich has outdone himself: he has made a film that would be simply horrid were it not complexly so. That the modern world is nowhere to bring up people has arguably been his message ever since his 1955 and still quite shaking *Kiss Me Deadly*, one that might well figure in anybody's list of the best 1,000 movies ever. Latterly there have been such nuggets of sensational pessimism as *The Dirty Dozen*, *The Killing of Sister George*, *The Grissom Gang*, *The Emperor of the North* and *The Mean Machine*, veined through and through with doomed machismo even where women are the protagonists. What renders *Hustle* into something so generously besmirching is all this plus a new magic 'X' ingredient: an apparently haphazard blend of the salacious and the sentimental. Around half-time, Phil (Burt Reynolds), an LA police lieutenant, stubs out a word or two on Nicole (Catherine Deneuve), the languid beauty with whom he is currently shacked up: 'I'm starting to draw dirty pictures of what you do.' Since Nicole is, in the most literal sense, a call-girl (the major part of her sexual bread-winning takes place over the telephone, with her crooning – oh, Deneuve of Mr Aldrich – 'That saounds so goood! ' to wankers anonymous), Phil seems a mite slow on the imaginative, let alone ethical, uptake.

But, defenders of the thematic consistency of Aldrich's oeuvre will argue, that is the whole point: Phil is not thick, merely covered with scar-tissue. And indeed almost everyone on view walks wounded. Steve Shagan, not stirred, has written a script unpleasantly calculated to justify the moral slimness of his creatures. Plot: girl found dead on a beach, dad Marty (Ben Johnson) not satisfied with police write-off as suicide, wordly-wise Phil knows dead girl manic tart and tries to dissuade Marty from further investigation, deeply crooked lawyer Leo (Eddie Albert) involved but not guilty of *this* death, Marty persists to a shoot-out, Phil arranges things according to an abruptly discovered if illegal notion of fair play, then Phil . . . If I relent on giving the end away, it is probably because the piece gives itself away from the beginning. It is a proper pudding of an affair, concocted with at least one of its writer's four eyes squinting at France, where Aldrich is an *auteur*. Los Angeles is a splendid bowl for such a mix, or fix: Gavin Lambert's 'Slide Area' (and the call-girl's house – or is it Phil's? – is strutted over a cliff); a city-sprawl where shoe-fetishists can get cheeky with the fuzz; an odd bit of geography, now film-mythic, in which dirty movies about dirty movies may comfortably be set. For the full-bosomed corpse, Gloria, that initiates the revel was found with 'semen in every orifice' (one of Mr Shagan's milder turns of phrase) and poor old Marty has finally to be shown a stag-reel or so she willingly participated in; we too get a snatch; and, thudding in our ears, the refrain, 'That kid's father – was he anybody?'.

The extra dimension of subtlety (when we have had our fake and eaten it over Phil's turnabout behaviour) lies in those scars. It is not just that every person has a person's price and pride subsists in rejecting the mammoth bribe. A rationale of sorts might be allowed such a bleak view of the human condition. Aldrich (and here I accept him as author in that he both produced and directed) fights foxy when it comes to the true hunt. So the quick, facile 'explanations' are dropped in. Lieutenant Phil's father died in the Spanish Civil War; his Nicole's papa was blown up planting a *plastique* in a car, Avenue Montaigne (never mind whose car – he had a cause, *quoi?*); avenging father Marty picked up a trauma during Korea and his missus (Eileen Brennan) cheated on him bedwise. Even that chunk of meat, Gloria – and I justify the vulgarity by a matching one, 'twenty years later, tissue specimens in a jar' – got her hurt early, staggering in, aged three, to witness mummy at it with another bloke. She never kissed me after that, confesses Miss Brennan to Mr Reynolds, who nods sagely: he'd guessed. This claptrap motivation is enough to make a Freud laugh. Phil/Reynolds, incidentally, is hung up on 'driftwood', all relics of

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the Thirties and has an angry black sergeant. A clip from Lelouch's *A Man and a Woman* registers like one round the ear, which is chicly assaulted by Aznavour, 'Begin the Beguine' and other random pleas for attention. That every actor in a strongish cast is wasted may be taken for grunted.

Urgent Cablese. The Hampstead Everyman is embarking on a long season of (to me) wildly disparate items it hopes will aid in establishing a definition of *film noir* – to be returned to. The Other Cinema's next superb fund-raiser is Fred Wiseman's *Welfare*, which I led with from the recent London Film Festival (NS 7 November) and must be seen this coming Sunday, 6 p.m., The Collegiate, Gordon Street, WC1. At the ICA, a good new kids' movie, *The Firefighters*, Sundays, 3 p.m. – words next week. Excuse delay on £5 New Year's quiz winner. First out of office cloth cap – P. K. Hobden.

Records

Bayan Northcott

Jungle Trails

Koechlin: Les Bandar-Log. Boulez: Le Soleil des Eaux. Messiaen: Chronochromie *Argo ZRG 756* £3.25
Lutoslawski, Dutilleux: Cello Concertos *HMV ASD 3145* £3.20
Carter: Double Concerto; Duo for violin and piano *Nonesuch H-71314* £2.25

Yes, but who *was* Charles Koechlin? Any music dictionary will furnish the facts that he lived from 1867-1950, studied with Fauré, served Debussy as amanuensis, admired Schoenberg, helped to establish the International Society for Contemporary Music and lifted not a finger to promote his own vast output of over 200 works. Yet listening to *Les Bandar-Log* – his only major score to achieve commercial recording so far – leaves one more baffled than ever. Completed in 1939, the last of a sequence inspired by *The Jungle Book*, it begins with serene oriental pipings over atmospheric poly-harmonies. Suddenly the peace is shattered by an evocation of Kipling's monkey tribe, whose vain mimicry Koechlin mocks in parodies of the techniques of Debussy, Schoenberg and Stravinsky, before the arrival of the Lords of the Jungle puts them to flight in an awesome climax. Certain moments attain a rare and personal luminosity and the handling of the orchestra is never less than masterly. Yet Koechlin's failure entirely to unify what amounts to a thesaurus of modern styles positively dramatises the dilemma of the 20th-century composer: how to structure the new musical means which in their very proliferation seem to undermine the old forms.

Perhaps the popularity of exclusive systems among post-war composers has arisen simply from the instinctive need to shut out enough of these new means in order to concentrate upon the possibilities of the rest. By arranging strictly 'impersonal' sound sources – birdsong, the noises of winds and torrents – within a kind of rhythmic grid of mathematical proportions, Messiaen created a musical frieze of overwhelming monumentality in his masterpiece, *Chronochromie*: there are few moments in contemporary music of such manic intricacy as his evocation on 18 solo strings of the French dawn chorus, or so terrifying as his orchestral amplification of the cry of the Swedish sea eagle. Boulez's diptych, *Le Soleil des Eaux*, composed shortly after his studies with Messiaen, displays a similarly 'constructivist' attitude, though on a briefer, more delicate scale – in fact it remains one of his most approachable works. The re-issue of these admirably clear-cut recordings by the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati in the Gulbenkian modern music series is much to be welcomed.

A number of composers, however, repulsed by the seemingly 'inhuman' implications of constructivism, have tended towards an opposite, almost anthropomorphic method. In Lutoslawski's Cello Concerto, the soloist is virtually cast as a character, whose nagging reiterations of the note D eventually provoke the irritation of the orchestral crowd – the work evolving as a drama of conflict complete with onomatopoeic sobs for the cello at its inevitable defeat. With its headlong volatility, the concerto certainly avoids the real limitation of constructivism – its tendency towards the static – especially in this surely definitive recording by its dedicatee, Rostropovitch, and the Orchestra de Paris under Lutoslawski himself. Whether the structure so-derived has enough substance to sustain interest once the surface shocks and exhilarations are absorbed is another matter. The other Rostropovitch commission on the disc rather compounds the problem. Henri Dutilleux is a composer of that intermediate French generation which has been rather obscured by the brilliancies of Messiaen and Boulez; his intense self-criticism, moreover, has confined his published works to-date to a mere half dozen. Completed in 1970, the same year as the Lutoslawski, his Cello Concerto is a refined, five-movement structure replete with enigmatic superscriptions from Baudelaire and I must say I find the tension between its becalmed harmonic background and a cello line continually straining to move forward a bit frustrating. But the work has a haunting, poetic ambience quite its own.

If the figure of Elliott Carter looms ever larger over the contemporary scene, however, it is partly through his demonstration that, once purged of their stylistic antecedents, the constructivist and anthropomorphic approaches can be reunited and filled with fresh personality. The *donnée* for the Double Concerto (1961) seems to have been the possibilities of 'conversation' between those two similar-yet-so-different instruments, the harpsichord and piano (each with a back-up group of instrumental cronies). In order to structure their potentially endless chatter, Carter devised the complementary scheme of only gradually building up their vocabulary of ideas out of the basic rhythms and intervals and, after a central movement of coherent dialectic, completing the arch-form by dissolving them back into musical chaos once more. Thus secured of ends and means he was able to turn his attention to realising the concerto's moment-to-moment progress with a quicksilver, filigree fantasy that still makes it one of the most challenging works in the contemporary repertory. The excellent balance and lustrous ambience of the new recording, with Paul Jacobs (harpsichord), Gilbert Kalish (piano) and the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble of New York under Arthur Weisberg, is certainly the biggest help yet.

Carter's Duo, first performed in New York last March and superbly recorded here by Kalish and the brilliant young violinist, Paul Zukofsky, pushes compositional complexity and instrumental virtuosity to even more fiendish lengths. But these are complemented by a peculiarly American sublimity – that strangely intimate calm of the solitary contemplating the cosmos, also to be sensed behind some of Charles Ives's chamber works. At 68, Carter is clearly at the height of his powers so that the news that he has taken up the ostensibly simpler medium of vocal composition for the first time in 28 years is tantalising, to say the least. Admirers must hope that his new song cycle to words of Elizabeth Bishop for soprano and nine instruments, which receives its first performance in New York on 24 February, will cross the Atlantic as soon as possible.

Art

Robert Melville

Gathering In

Jean François-Millet *Hayward Gallery*

A colour reproduction of Millet's *The Angelus* was hanging in our kitchen throughout our childhood. It was in the kitchen because that's where we spent most of our waking life, and we devoted much love to it. Later we became ashamed of it and urged our mother to put it away. We suddenly saw it as drab, sanctimonious and stylistically obsolete. It was my mother's holy ikon and she took it down with infinite sadness. It was an act of dispossession. She had lost her power over her flock. Years afterwards it assumed for me a new iconographical interest, when Dali used it as a slice of bread for a smear of his 'paranoiac-critical camembert'. He maintained that the devout subject-matter concealed a furnace of sexual energy. In one of his transformation scenes the woman, naked and with head still bent in prayer, she embraces the man. He is respectfully holding his hat in both hands, as if at a funeral. He is fully clothed but his penis is exposed and unexpectedly slack. His hat fails by half an inch to hide it. So it's not altogether surprising that in another version Dali associates the praying woman

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with the praying mantis. The man's pitchfork has pierced her body and she prays with a smile. The man is dead.

Robert Herbert, Lehman Professor of the History of Art at Yale, has selected many of Millet's finest paintings and drawings for the Hayward exhibition, and *The Angelus* is among them, hanging without special ceremony. The catalogue, written by Professor Herbert, is the best study of Millet's work that has appeared in English, and in his note on *The Angelus* he examines the distorting symbolism attributed to it before and after Millet's death and attempts to clear it of everything except the artist's conscious intention.

It is not a reflection of Millet's own religious feelings (he was not a churchgoer and when he married Catherine Lemaire several years after they had had children it was in a civil court); nor was he interested in reforming society. *The Angelus* was an expression of his pessimism; his sympathy with the downtrodden peasants didn't include a belief that their lot could be changed. He saw them as the victims not of other men but of fate. The Professor's summing up is fair enough: 'few would [now] grant greatness to the painting although admitting the persuasiveness of its images.' Dali in his fashion was faithful to the imagery, but I'm glad he didn't attempt to tamper with *The Gleaners*, the masterpiece of Millet's classicised realism, in which the poorest of the poor stoop their way into immortality. The women are double images. Millet has carefully and unremittingly observed their back-breaking labours, but has perceived them as marvellous sculptural forms. Dazzled by the perfection of the forms, one forgets to sympathise with the women.

The artist's empathy with his peasant subjects – or the illusion of it – comes through when there is less clarity of depiction, when the linear gives way to the painterly in such a picture as *Going to Work*, which portrays two young peasants on their way to the potato field in the dawn light. The man, whose face is totally in shadow, has a jaunty stride; the woman walks more slowly and smoothly and one wonders how she keeps abreast of him. Her face, partially emerging from the shadow cast by the big potato basket she has put over her head, is extraordinarily alluring. Thirteen years later he made a drawing of it, which is also in the show; the catalogue takes note of the alterations and corrections that have been made, and from a naturalistic point of view they are all improvements, but in spite of all its unresolved problems the painting is magical and the drawing isn't.

A late painting, *Winter, Faggot Gatherers*, a study of three women weighed down by huge bundles of sticks, is perhaps the greatest picture in the show. It is said to be unfinished but lacks nothing. It is organised in colour masses dominated by yellow ochre. The foreground woman appears to be younger than the others and is leaving them behind. She is boldly conceived in a series of rich, almost featureless areas of pigment kept apart by thick lines which nevertheless seem to play an important part in the creation of an organic unity. The women left behind are colour masses without outlines, keeping them well back; but the apron of one is a sudden blazing up of yellow, as if the artist were giving them a generous handout. This is pure painting, taking loving care of the overburdened. The exhibition is a reassessment of the art of Millet which will last a very long time.

Weekend Competition

No 2397 Set by Little Keith

Double misprints? 'We apologise for our error in referring to "the Watford defective police force"; we should, of course, have said "the Watford detective police farce".' Or: 'We apologise for referring to Colonel Beesley as "a bottle-scarred veteran"; we should, of course, have said "a battle-scared veteran".' More of these, if possible, by 13 February.

No 2394 Set by Hermaphrodite

Competitors were asked to rewrite a well-known piece of verse or prose in such a way as to make the new sex-nomenclature regulations look ridiculous.

Report by Spiro Keats

Despite an offering from Reginald Maudling, MP (submitted in an indecipherably spindly holograph), I found this a rather quiet entry. No one seemed to respond creatively to the grinding humourlessness of the idea, though there were some creditable tries. A mere £4 each.

When all the world is young, person,
And all the trees are green;
And every anser domesticus a genus
cygnus, person,
And every person a member of royalty,
Then hey for boot and equine species, person,
And round the world away:
Young blood must have its course, person,
And every canine, the canine's day.

GERRY HAMILL

Hamlet: What a piece of work is an anthropoid! How open to reason! how free from prejudice! in sex and job-opportunities, how equal and non-discriminating! in appearance, how indistinguishable! in comprehensive schools, how uniform! the beneficiary of the act! the guarantee of social progress! And yet, to me, what is this preference for lust? Breasts delight not me; no, nor buttocks neither, though by your sniggering you seem to say so.
Rosencrantz: My titled person, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.
Hamlet: Why did you laugh, then, when I said, 'Breasts delight not me'?
Rosencrantz: To think the players hither are coming, to offer you service.
Hamlet: He that plays the queen shall be welcome.

NAOMI MARKS

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove;
In each an equal passion burns:
We'll take initiatives in turns.
And we will lie upon the grass,
One on the belly, one the arse;
Since we shall both quite equal be,
We'll let the judge be Ecstasy.
Or else decide by common sense
And mutual convenience.
Our loving, shunning former rote,
Shall be decided by a vote.

M. K. CHEESEMAN

Assiac
Chess Board

No 1367 More from Hastings

It was Nunn-Bisguier in the fifth round to provide the first G.M. scalp for one of our chaps.

1) e4,Ktc6; 2) d4,e5; 3) de:,Kte5:; 4) f4, Nunn thinks he should have played Ktf3 instead, **Ktg6; 5) Be3, Bb4†; 6) c3,Ba5; 7) Ktf3,Bb6; 8) Bb6:,ab:; 9) f5, Kte7** Nunn thinks his opponent should have played . . . Kth4; **10) c4,g6?** Nunn told me that . . . d6 would have been best; **11) Bd3,d6; 12) 0-0,Ktf6; 13) Ktc3,Ktg4; 14) Qd2,Ktc6; 15) Rad1,Ktce5; 16) Kte5:,Kte5:; 17) Qh6** Now Black's weakness on the black squares is evident, mainly due to his QB's aimless excursion in the opening, **Kd7; 18) b4,Qf8; 19) Qf4,Ra3; 20) Qc1,Ra8; 21) c5,bc:; 22) bc:, Ra5; 23) cd:,c6; 24) Qb2,Qd8; 25) Ktd5,Kd6; 26) Qb4†,c5; 27) Qc3,Ktc6; 28) e5†,Kd7; 29) e6†,fe:; 30) fe:†,Kd6; 31) e7!,Kte7:; 32) Kte7:.Ke7:; 33) Qg7†,** 1-0.

A few rounds later Bisguier lost a deplorably poor game to Miles and with due respect to the grandmaster's past achievements his Hastings record of four losses and 11 draws (many of them uncontested brevities) raises the question why, with scores of grandmasters around, one didn't pick someone stronger and more enterprising.

No doubt, Tony Miles was the strongest, most enterprising and most aggressive of our players, and if he hadn't been the victim of Ray Keene's one and only dashing game, his only win and quite a brilliant one, Tony might well have reached his second GM 'leg' We had the game last week as well as mention of the Sigurjonsson-Miles 'Marathon'. Let's take it from move 17, beginning to hot up toward the time-scramble. /r2r2k1/ppq2p1p/2kt p1bp1/4p3/2b1PP2/1KtP1BB2/PP3RPP/R2Q3 K/.

17) Ktd2,d5; 18) ed:,Bd5:; 19) Bd5:,Rd5:; 20) Qf3,ef:; 21) Qd5:,fe:; 22) Rf6:,Rd8; 23) Qg5,ed: So, after all this slaughter Black has a P for the exchange and an 'interesting' position, to say the least; **24) Rff1,Qe5; 25) Qh4,Qb5; 26) Qf4,Rd7; 27) b3,Qd3; 28) Rad1,Qc3; 29) h3,Qc2; 30) Qe3, Kg7; 31) b4,b5; 32) a3,Rd5; 33) Kh2,h5; 34) Qf4, Kte5; 35) Qf6†,Kg8; 36) Qe7,Qd3; 37) Qa7:,Kg7; 38) Rf2,Qc2; 39) Rdf1,Rd7; 40) Qe3,d1=Q ??;** At the very end of the time scramble Tony failed to see 40) . . . Qc7!! which would have forced immediate resignation. After this having 'simplified' to a Q and P ending Tony, a pawn or two down, fought the uphill struggle for just over 100 more moves to secure the draw.

Another feather in his cap is the only defeat of David Bronstein. Alas, I have no space for the 56 moves. The 'Challengers" next week.

In homage to Taimanov a beauty he achieved in a Simul many years ago. Helpful hint: the grandmaster had to sacrifice both his Queen and his Rook to achieve mate on the fifth move. For 6 ladder-points **B** is a draw, very quickly and neatly achieved in two variations. **C** (for 7) is a draw too. It's simple enough to win the Rook in the first four moves; but then what? Usual prizes, entries by 9 February.

A: Taimanov-'A. N. Other' 1964: /2r1r1k1/ 1R4bp/p5p1/2pqkt3/8/2B5/1PQ1B1PP/5RK1/.
B: L. Bograd 1936: /5B1k3/8/7p/5p1K/8/7p/ p6P/8/.
C: F. Lazard 1919: /B7/8/P7/p7/8/K1p5/2k 1r3/8/.

Report on No 1364 *Set 9 January*

A: 18) Bf6:,gf:; 19) Ktf7:!,Rf7:; 20) Qe6:, resigns.
B: 1) Ra7,Re8 best since . . . Rh7 is ruled out by **2) de:; 2) d7,Re7; 3) d6,Rd7:; 4) Ra8††.**
C: 1) Kta3,Kta3: (best); **2) Kc8!!,a1=Q** (best); **3) Bc3! Thr. mate in 2, Qd1(g1); 4) Ktc7†,Ka7; 5) Bd4†,Qd4:; 6) Ktb5†,Ktb5:;** stalemate.

Bouquets for **C** and many flawless entries. Prizes: G. Abrahams, M. E. Burn, P. Hodgson, J. R. Holland, J. D. Taylor.

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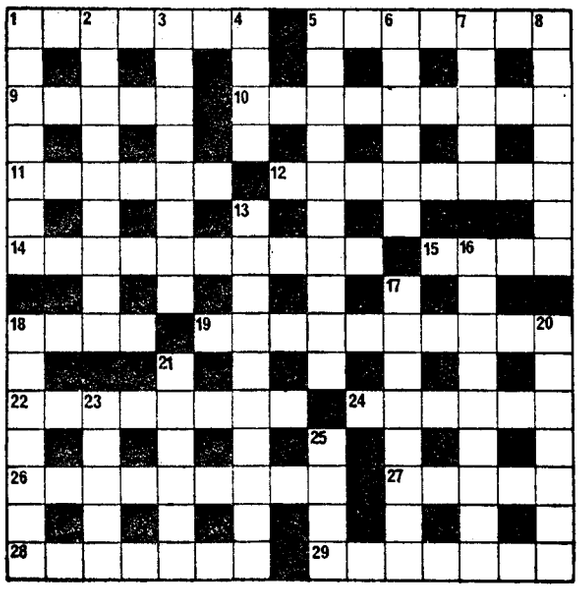
Weekend Crossword 1149

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1149, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 10 Feb.



ACROSS

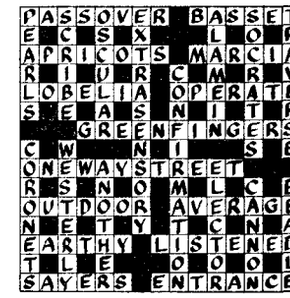
1. Document which may become damp with oil (7).
5. Abandons the side for faults (7).
9. Stone for an entrance (5).
10. Adaptable, making me competent about everything (9).
11. Place where escort is changed (6).
12. Got a bit done wrongly (8).
14. No claims re shift workers (10).
15. Strikes back in a fight (4).
18. Demands for jobs left unstarted (4).
19. On the other hand locks will do for supports (10).
22. Relationship to spoil before one is in a temper (8).
24. Men with dangerous jobs have good destinies (6).
26. Coach industry (9).
27. Bird as admiral (5).
28. Modesty makes one throw off one's cape (7).
29. Avert by taking a way across round the low-lying land (7).

DOWN

1. For the police to hold a ruler up is severe (7).
2. Something for the kitchen afterwards found in a bundle (9).
3. Remove company shattered in defeat (8).
4. Came in a roundabout way to the point (4).
5. Remove the freedom to debate? (10).
6. Rising reputation of an enemy (6).
7. Vehicle in room on board (5).
8. Slim one who gets rid of about fifty (7).
13. Rebels calling for immediate attention in the reform of sins (10).
16. Piece of music for voice in setting composition (9).
17. Cause confusion by letting the irresponsible be surrounded by drink (8).
18. Lots of craft gets a woman into one's embrace (7).
20. Hang or defer execution (7).
21. Poem for Alfred (6).
23. Recover from a series of strokes (5).
25. Food makes one grumble (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution No 1147



Prizewinners to No 1147

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THE 1957 SOCIETY meeting in Central London and catering for the cultural and social interests of graduates and professional people, has a few vacancies. Send foolscap s.a.e. to Secretary, 4 Elsworthy Terrace, NW3 3DR.

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AT THE CROSSROADS? The Tarot will help. Individual readings. Write for free details to Box 2879.

LOOK TO THE FUTURE PEOPLE join the Progressive League and enjoy the present as well. Discussions on controversial topics; weekend conferences; rambles; theatre parties, etc. For details send s.a.e. to the Secretary (N6), Progressive League, Albion Cottage, Fortis Green, London N2.

ASSOC. FOR GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL Psychotherapy offers psychotherapy sessions. Arrangements for those with lower income. Initial interview. Box 2887.

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JAMES who phoned-in LBC 13-14 Dec. Have similar telepathic experience. Shall we compare notes? Box 2918.

OUR GRANDMOTHER is alive and well and living in London. She is attractive, slim, fair, 5' 7", musical, artistic, practical, lots of fun but lonesome. She needs interesting, educated, mature man, also lonesome, to enjoy life with. We love her, so might you. Write to her at Box 2853.

DIVORCED LADY with own home and other worldly goods, finds them pointless now children grown up. Is there a kind, humorous gentleman, well educated, in similar lonely plight wishing to share and have a stable relationship? Aged 57-65. Box 2889.

FEMALE, 29, Edinburgh area. Interests, theatre, music, reading & especially travel, seeks male companion 28-40. Box 2886.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL, 28, S. London area, bored with run-of-the-mill males, seeks stimulating, abnormally imaginative man. Box 2900.

SOCIABLE, mother of two, 26, separated, seeks warm, attractive man to share evenings out, leading to a steady relationship. Write to Box 2898.

PRETTY FEMALE, 27, PhD, wishes to meet single male, 27-35, intellectual/artist. Share outdoors, music, theatre, food. East Sussex or London. Box 2897.

I'M SURE there must be somewhere a loving, intelligent lonely man looking for me. I'm warm, romantic, and Yorkshire. A young 54, div., 5' 3", slim, fair and alone. I could be adventurous or firesideish, lover, mother, friend and wife to the right mate. Please write, I'll happily travel to meet you. Write Box 2896.

TALL, attractive, ex-wife professional man, 30s, returning from abroad, seeks companionship mature male pref. academic background, 40s. Box 2907.

RETIRED working-class man, 67, owner-occupier London area, wishes to meet working-class woman in 60s, preferably living in West Country, with view to joining her for companionship and pooling of resources. Box 2925.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 41, would like to meet unattached man of similar age, with academic & social interests, preferably in Yorkshire area. Box 2825.

PROSPEROUS EXECUTIVE (47+) seeks attractive lady (33-45), interested cultural & artistic pursuits. Box 2912.

HAVE GARDEN, LOTS OF BOOKS and mongrel dog but love someone I no longer see. It would be nice to have companionship of congenial man sometimes, preferably also torch-carrying, 50ish, and of professional status. Box 2919.

INTELLIGENT WIDOW, late 40s, Jewish non-orthodox, Continental origin, NW London, seeks gentleman friend, car owner preferred. Box 2929.

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EXPERIENCED MALE, graduate, early 60s, planning leisurely motorcaravan journey Srl Lanka starting late summer, seeks gentle young woman companion. Box 2584

PRETTY, BRAINY F., nr. B'ham, seeks attract., intell. m., occ. company. 30-40ish, non-neurotic. Arts type, ints: music, art, country. Box 2852.

WOULD YOU LIKE to meet attractive professional woman, mid-30s, living Edinburgh, re genuine friendship/marriage? Box 2848

LONDON BASED lady, vivacious, petite, considered beautiful and charming, very young 47, wishes to meet cultured, presentable gentleman same generation, for occasional outings, theatres, dining and good conversation. Box 2877.

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MALE, 34, single, seeks female friend, London area. Box 2875.

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APPOINTMENTS

Director for Southern Arts

The Regional Arts Association serving Berkshire, Hampshire, Isle of Wight, Oxfordshire, West Sussex, Wiltshire and parts of Dorset is looking for a new Director.

Full details of the post, which will be on a salary scale from £4,689 to £7,407, and application forms (to be returned by 8 March 1976) are obtainable from Southern Arts, South Side Offices, Law Courts, Winchester, Hampshire, SO23 9DQ.

THE NATIONAL GRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION

AN ASSISTANT required in the

TRAINING, EDUCATION, & RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

at the NGA's Head Office

The person appointed will help in the collection and organisation of key statistical information; in reviewing, summarising, and interpreting legislative and other developments which affect trade unions generally and the NGA specifically; and in servicing Association Officers with background data for negotiating purposes.

In addition, the successful applicant will be required to play a part in the organisation and teaching involved in NGA courses for shop floor representatives and branch secretaries and therefore will need to have some experience or to show some ability in that work.

Application forms are available from **The General Secretary, National Graphical Association, Graphic House, 63-67 Bromham Road, Bedford, MK40 2AG** to whom they should be returned by 2 March 1976.

INTERESTED IN SOCIAL CHANGE? Experienced and practical people needed in the fields of architecture, publishing and action research to work on community and educational development projects. Creative scope. Hard work, anti-social hours. Optionally co-operative living. Further information: Wendy Buonaventura, Inter-Action, 14 Talacre Road, London NW5 3PE. Tel: (01) 267 1422.

PROGRESSIVE ORGANISATION requires Secretary/Translator fluent Spanish and Portuguese. Salary £2,700 p.a. Yearly increases/LVs. Reply Box 2864.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

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Manchester

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Selection will be by interview in February. The successful candidate will be required to take up appointment as soon as possible. Conditions of service, including a non-contributory pension scheme will be analogous to those of the Civil Service.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from:

Equal Opportunities Commission, Overseas House, Quay Street, Manchester M3 3HN. Tel. No. 061-833 9244 ext. 31.

The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is 13th February, 1976.

A

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to help in general development of trade union research at the GFTU. The successful candidate will be expected to have a working knowledge of labour statistics and economics and experience of the trade union movement. Starting salary will be up to £3,500 p.a.

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TEACHER OF SHORTHAND + Typewriting required full-time from 26 April. Some experience of teaching students whose mother-tongue is not English will be an asset. Please apply to The Principal, Language Tuition Centre, 26/32 Oxford Street, London W1A 4DY.

EXPERIENCED SOCIAL WORKERS required for London and West Midlands. Fluent Spanish essential. Driving licence. Irregular hours. Box 2865.

FOR SECRETARIAL POSTS with a Social Service bias, Charities etc, why not contact Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, London EC4. 01-353 7696.

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 91 No. 2341

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Theatres

CITIZENS' THEATRE, GLASGOW, presents the Citizens' Theatre Company in 'The Changeling'. Thurs. 5 Feb. to Sat. 7 Feb. 041-429 0022.

EMBASSY THEATRE, Swiss Cottage. 'The Homecoming'. 4, 5 & 6 Feb. at 7.30 p.m. 'Little Murders' by Jules Feiffer, 11, 12 & 13 Feb. at 7.30 p.m. Box Office open 2-6 p.m. Tel. 722 8186.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Cakewalk is a delight. . . wild, funny, musical & intelligent' Even. St. Extended to 14 Feb. 8 p.m. Sat. 5 & 8 p.m. Adm. 90p & £1.50.

NEW END. 435 4116. (Hampstead Tube). 'Clownmaker' by Richard Crane, about Nijinsky, Diaghilev and the Ballet Russes. 8 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday. Late night Show, 10.30 p.m. 30/31 Jan. 5, 6, 7 Feb. 'Innoportune moment, Charlotte'. A two woman musical to peel your grape.

OLD VIC. The National Theatre. 928 7616. Tonight 7.30; tomorrow 2.15 & 7.30 'Plunder' by Ben Travers. Mon. 7, Tues. 2 'Hamlet'. Tues. 8 'Happy Days'. Last perfs. Wed. 7.30, Thursday 2.15 & 7.30 'Phaedra Brittanica'.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. Twice daily at 2.30 and 7.30: 'Dick Whittington.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. 4-7 Feb. *Arnold Ridley's comedy thriller 'A Ghost Train'.* Details: RADA, 62 Gower St, WC1. 636 7076.

Exhibitions

OXFORD BOOK FAIR. 52 Booksellers from all over the country will display for sale, thousands of secondhand and rare books, prints and epherema. Randolph Hotel, Oxford. Sun. 1 Feb. noon-9 p.m. Mon. 2 Feb. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Admission 10p. Organised by The Provincial Booksellers' Fairs Association, 19 Pilton St. Barnstaple, Devon. Tel. Barnstaple 3641.

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Concerts

DUMKA TRIO concert at the Wigmore Hall, Wednesday 4 Feb. at 7.30. Haydn: Trio in D major, Brahms: Trio in C major Op 87, Martinu: Bergerettes, Mendelssohn: Trio in C minor Op 66. Tickets: £1.50, £1.10, 75p, 50p from Wigmore Hall Box Office (Tel: 01-935 2141).

NAOMI DAVIDOV at the Purcell Room Tues. 3 Feb. at 7.30. *Mozart:* Fantasie in C minor and piano sonata in C minor. Hindemith: Sonata No. 2. Brahms: *Variations and Fugue on a theme of Handel* op. 24. Chopin: Ballade No. 1 in G minor op. 23. Tickets: £1.50, £1.10, 75p from RFH Box Office: (01) 928 3191.

Entertainments

COLLEGIATE, 15 *Gordon St.* WC1. 734 8508. Sunday 1 Feb. only 6 p.m. Fred Wiseman's 'Welfare'; 9.15 p.m. 'Hearts & Minds'. In aid of The Other Cinema's Cinema Fund.

PETER BROOK IN AFRICA: film of Brook's study tour in Africa, followed by discussion with members of cast of 'Ik' and Brook. If in London, 6.30 p.m. Sunday 1 Feb. Adm: 50p. Africa Centre, 38 King Street, WC2. 836 1973.

NATIONAL POETRY CENTRE, 21 Earls Court Sq., SW5. *Tonight 30 Jan.* 7.30, Diz Willis and Lol Coxhill. Fri. 6 Feb. 7.30, Second Young British Poets Festival, Frances Horovitz and Libby Houston.

Meetings

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE
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'THE DIFFICULTIES OF POLICIES BASED ON THE CONCEPT OF AREA DEPRIVATION'

by Peter B. Townsend, Professor of Sociology, University of Essex

at the

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at 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, 5 February 1976

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ADMISSION FREE

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Law-making and Economic Integration in Eastern Europe' will be given by Professor K. J. Skubiszewski (Polish Academy, Warsaw) on 5 February 1976 at University College (Small Chemistry Theatre), Gower Street, London WC1 at 5 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 3 Feb. 'The Left in the Thirties' by Mr A. J. P. Taylor; 5 Feb. 'Literacy goes West: the Greeks learn their letters' by Dr A. W. Johnston.

CHINA & AFRICA: Talk by Martin Bailey, author of forthcoming book on Tan-Zam railway. Wed. 4 Feb. 6.30 p.m. Adm. 40p; Students 25p. Africa Centre, 38 King Street. WC2. 836 1973.

YOUNG FABIAN GROUP. Michael Stewart MP talks on 'Developments in Europe'. Friday 30 Jan. 7.30 p.m. at 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. All welcome.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT Ivor Clemitson MP. In the Chair: Ron Lewis MP. House of Commons Committee Room. Tues. 3 Feb. 8 p.m. All welcome.

MONDAY 2 FEBRUARY. 'The Scope for Reform in Judaism', with Rabbi J. Magonet, Leo Baeck College and Rabbi J. Rosen, Carmel College at 8 p.m. in Hillel House, 1/2 Endsleigh Street, London WC1.

JEAN-PAUL ARON, Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes, will give a lecture, 'Une folie bourgeoise, la nourriture', on Wednesday 4 February at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Admission free.

THEODOR HERZL SOCIETY, 57 Eton Ave, NW3 & London University (E-M Dept). Tues. 3 Feb. 8.15 p.m. History of the Holy Land: Hyam Maccoby: 'The Post-Biblical Period – Greeks, Romans & Christians'. Refreshments

ADLERIAN SOCIETY, 'Individual Psychology and Futurology': Paul Rom L-ès-L, DES. Tuesday 3 Feb. 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St. SW1. Visitors welcome. 20p (students 10p).

YOUNG MAPAM (Socialist Zionist Movement) are having a meeting on 'From Coup to Revolution' a talk by Phil Dent, Research Worker in International Affairs at Transport House, who recently visited Portugal and will speak on the situation there, past and present, at 8 p.m. at 37 Broadhurst Gardens, London NW6 on Sunday, 1 February.

'ECSTASY IN ITS PLACE': Prof. I. M. Lewis. Sun. 1 Feb. 11 a.m. Tuesday Discussion on theme 'Justice, Law and Freedom', Tues. 3 Feb. 7 p.m. 'The Case for Civil Disobedience': Pat Arrowsmith. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq., London WC1. 01-242 8032/3.

BUDDHISM. Talk and discussion. Sundays 4.30 p.m. BBA, The Meeting House, 120 Heath St, Hampstead. Sun. 1 Feb. Ven. Mahanama: Early Buddhist literature – structure and content. Tel. 388 4589.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 31 Jan. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 3 Feb. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 4 Feb. 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture 'Buddhism and Stability', Alf Vial. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Public Talk & Questions. Sun. 1 Feb. 8 p.m. Free. 'Dreams and the Inner Life'. S.a.e. for programme, book list & literature. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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